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## WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

**S**URROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inaccessible valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat from oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German Empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with



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their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these robbers, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the Waldstädte, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them to renounce their direct connection with the German Empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

As the result of a direct attempt at subjugation might be doubtful, Albert resolved to proceed cautiously and by stealth. The Forest-towns had hitherto administered their laws and collected the imperial taxes themselves; and were only visited on stated emergencies by an imperial commissioner or governor. The first encroachment, then, was to send a governor or bailiff to take up his residence in the country. According to the usual account, the first permanent imperial bailiff in the Waldstädte was Hermann Gessler, who built a fortress for himself at Küsnacht in Uri, not far from the head of the Lake of Lucerne, on which the Waldstädte bordered. Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man: as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did Switzerland, under the viceregal domination of Gessler, produce its WILLIAM TELL.\*

\* The story of Tell, as given in the text, has long passed current as history; that it is essentially a fable, however, may now be considered as a settled point. The earlier Swiss chroniclers, in narrating the rising of the Forest-towns, make no mention of Tell. The rude embryo of the story appears first in the Chronicle of Melchior Reuss, in the second half of the fifteenth century, and in a popular ballad of the same period. Successive versions added details and embellishments, until, in the sixteenth century, Tschudi and others gave the full-grown narrative, which Schiller has embalmed in his drama. As early, however, as the end of the sixteenth century, doubts began to be expressed as to its authenticity; and attention was called to the existence of similar legends of earlier date existing in other countries. Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler of the twelfth century, tells of a bowman named Palnatoke, who was compelled by the Danish king, Harald Blue-tooth, to shoot at an apple on his son's head, and who afterwards sent an arrow through Harald's own

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William Tell, according to the received accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the Lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all outdoor sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. As a wife he chose Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, and made him his constant companion. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing an intimate friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Unterwalden. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was his associate. Although similar in many salient points of character,

heart. On this saga, Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, has founded a tragedy. The Icelandic sagas attribute the feat to various personages, some earlier, some later, than Palnatoke. Perhaps the oldest form of the arrow-shooting legend is that in the *Vilkinasaga*, in which it is told of the hero Eigil, brother of Weyland the Smith. As was natural, these suggestions of doubt were distasteful to Swiss patriotism, and a book on the subject was burned by the public hangman of Uri; so that Swiss historians have been cautious in speaking of the subject. Tell's Chapel, said to have been erected in 1388, only eighty years after the death of Gessler, and other monuments commemorative of incidents in the story and claiming the same antiquity, are usually held to be proofs of the reality of the events. The date of these monuments, however, is far from certain; and, at best, the most that could be inferred from them is, that, on the rising of the Forest-towns, an obscure peasant shot an Austrian bailiff on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, and that this became, in the popular memory, the central incident of the struggle, and gradually gathered round it the widespread mythical embellishments of the tyrant, the bowman, and the apple. For one thing, the tyrant Gessler is conclusively proved to be mythical. In a work, containing a series of documents concerning early Swiss history, published in 1835 by M. Kopp of Lucerne, it is satisfactorily shewn that, although a continuous series of charters exists relative to the bailiffs of Küssnacht in the fourteenth century, there is no Gessler among them.

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there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, and was capable of very great actions, was not prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter, Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the happiness of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost licence to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Werner Stauffacher in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried: 'What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?' Tradition records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. 'How long,' exclaimed she, 'shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?' The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but took root in his heart, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the Lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten, at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and revealed to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but

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just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonised friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest entreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Righi. This mountain

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rises in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragged old Melchthal before Gessler, who ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Righi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for the Righi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Righi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. 'Go,' said my father, 'and tell Arnold of this new villainy of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwalden for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli.\*'

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where

\* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the Lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brumen.

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unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of fealty, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. 'Werner Stauffacher,' cried Tell, 'the time is come for action;' and without a moment's delay he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero's hand: 'Friend, let us begin; I am ready.' After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when their weapons were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher's house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The Lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured.

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Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. 'Arnold awaits us,' cried William, 'and the fate of our country depends on this interview.' With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common in these mountain-lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shewn to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added : 'We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men ; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, we will pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people.'

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends ; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause ; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union ; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives ; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt ; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a

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signal-fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

‘Wherefore,’ demanded the incensed bailiff, ‘hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?’

‘Verily,’ answered Tell, with mock humility, ‘how this happened I know not; ’tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart.’

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner’s name, which he no sooner heard than he recognised him as the archer so celebrated throughout the canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. ‘While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good-fortune to carry off the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refusest this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes.’



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Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good-fortune; and finding the governor inexorable, the hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden-tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck through the core, was carried away by the arrow!

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him: 'Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but,' added he, 'tell me what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle? One was surely enough.' Tell replied with some slight evidence of embarrassment, 'that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve;' an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. 'Nay, nay,' said he; 'tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared.' 'The second shaft,' replied Tell, 'was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son.' At these words, the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words: 'I am

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about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences.'

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe-conduct of his armed dependents, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal-fire to rouse the cantons; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which,

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giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, which were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives ; a bleak wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, inert and horror-stricken, prayed for life ; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency, the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. 'And see, my lord,' said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—'all are paralysed with terror, and even the pilot totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?' Gessler's fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate ; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemmed in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offer not a single platform where human foot can stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to

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Gessler, who demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and there hid himself until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. Gessler and his attendants having with great difficulty effected a landing at Brunnen, proceeded towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as 'the hollow way,' and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death, and seizing an opportune moment, he pierced Gessler to the heart with an arrow.

This bold deed accomplished, the hero effected his escape to Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. Immediate action was now unnecessary, but the original decision of the conspirators remained unchanged. Accordingly, on the morning of New-year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was taken possession of, its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, destroyed the fortress of Schwanaau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.\*

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest

\* Although popular history, naturally enough, associates the beginning of the Swiss Confederacy with Tell and his mythical associates, it is now known that a formal league had been entered into among the three cantons as early as 1291. The original parchment of this Magna Charta of Switzerland, it appears, is still extant; and it purports to be only a renewal of a still older league. The contents of this compact and of other documents of the same kind, the examination of which has only recently been entered upon, reveal a state of matters very different from what has usually been believed. The battle of Morgarten is a historical fact, but the exact nature of the struggle between the cantons and the House of Austria, which preceded it, it will require further research to make clear. The real history of this period has yet to be written. A valuable contribution has recently appeared in *Les Origines de la Confédération Suisse, Histoire et Légende*, par Albert Kiliet, Genève, 1868. See *Edinburgh Review* for January 1869. In the meantime, the popular story has its charm, and also its use. The belief of it influenced the character and actions of the people, and a knowledge of it is necessary to the right understanding of the subsequent real history. Much of modern literature would be dark to a person who had never heard of Tell and the other conspirators of Rütli.

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generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously displaying an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hillsides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete rout, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Heary of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

In these first struggles for liberty, the men of the town and district of Schwytz had played such a prominent part, that the whole of the confederates became known as Schwytzer or Swiss, and the name was extended to all the cantons that afterwards joined them.

Tradition makes little mention of Tell after the death of Gessler, and the first rising in 1307; nor are the accounts consistent. He is represented as fighting on the field of Morgarten, and as being

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present at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337. According to one account, he perished in 1350, while trying to rescue a child from an inundation that destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. Another version of the story makes him, after the battle of Morgarten, become administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, and die there in 1354.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons: the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom: about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. Near the Lake of Sempach, with 9000 men-at-arms, on foot and in close array with levelled spears, he assailed the 1400 confederates that had come to oppose him. The Swiss were falling fast before the bristling wall of iron, when Arnold of Winkelried, in Unterwalden, grasping an armsful of the projecting spears, buried them in his body, and sank with them to the earth; through the breach thus made his companions burst, and the Austrian host was almost annihilated, Leopold himself being in the number of the slain. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the Convention of Sempach. At the request of Austria, a further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with their other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural labours, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.

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We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris : war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon further strengthened by the addition of Argovie. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours : the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton : the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service ; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually styled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of

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legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary ; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles ; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results ; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens ; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling ; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the Lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles ; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverdun in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit



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to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced-guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the Lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the Lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenbergh, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenbergh withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovie, Thurgovie, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose; at ten at night the bugle was sounded for

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departure, and on the following morning they reached the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying: 'Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory!' The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Lemman. The rout was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the Lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of

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Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.\*

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels, Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold*:

‘There is a spot should not be passed in vain—  
Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;  
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument.’ \* \* \*

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Lemman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535, the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly-fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, partly within whose

\* In most of the towns and villages of Switzerland a ‘Tree of Liberty’ will be found, representing this ancient lime. An annual procession of the youths of the place (who, from the age of seven, are trained to arms), is marched in military costume and rank around this symbol of liberty, and there made to swear allegiance to their country’s cause.

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waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated; among others, François de Bonnivard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

## SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—*Helvetia* being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. The re-established confederation was divided into twenty-two cantons, each of which was represented in a Diet, which was

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appointed to hold its annual meetings alternately at Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne. The old abuses which had crept into the constitutions of the cantons were revived, and representation in most of them became based on property qualifications. Officials, the aristocracy, and the clergy joined to oppose innovations, and succeeded in doing so until 1830, when the French Revolution broke out. Armed demonstrations were made against the towns, and universal suffrage was generally conceded. The consequences were not what had been expected by the liberals, who found that they had not yet the means of remedying the chief defect of the constitution—namely, the want of any efficient central power, either to control the action of the separate cantons or to unite them in the common defence. Then ensued a period of civil strife and confusion which lasted for more than a dozen years, and into the details of which we cannot enter. The struggle was at bottom one between liberalism and Protestantism on the one hand, and the reactionary and Ultramontane parties on the other. In Valais, where universal suffrage had put power into the hands of the reactionary party, a war took place, in which the latter were victorious. They then ruled with a strong hand, and actually forbade the celebration of Protestant worship within the canton. In Lucerne, the headquarters of the Jesuits, the Ultramontane party acted even more extravagantly; they so persecuted their political opponents, that the latter were compelled to leave the canton. These measures caused the greatest discontent. In 1844, a proposal was made in the Diet to expel the Jesuits; but that body declined to act. The radical party then determined to resort to force: they organised bodies of armed men, called Free Corps, which invaded the Catholic cantons; but they were defeated. Changes favourable to them took place in some of the cantons. The Catholic cantons then formed a league, named the Sonderbund, for defence against the Free Corps. This was a virtual secession from the confederation, and there was a general clamour for its suppression; but in the Diet the measure could not at first be carried. At last a majority in the Diet, in 1846, declared the illegality of the Sonderbund, and decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits. In the war which ensued between the federal army and the forces of the seven cantons constituting the Sonderbund, about 200,000 men, counting both sides, took the field. In two actions, at Friburg and Lucerne, the federals were victorious. The leagued cantons were made liable in all the expenses of the war, the Jesuits were expelled, and the monasteries were suppressed. An attempt was made by diplomatic notes to intimidate the Swiss government, but the revolution of 1848 broke out, and prevented further interference. In the same year, the radical party, convinced of the necessity of a more powerful central government, carried the new constitution, which is briefly described below.

The greatest danger that has since threatened Switzerland arose

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regarding the canton of Neuchâtel. This canton, although a member of the Swiss federation, was a monarchical principality, belonging by hereditary right to the king of Prussia. The events of 1830—48 had assimilated the constitution of Neuchâtel to the rest of Switzerland, and the authority of Prussia had become almost nominal, when, in 1856, the royalist party rose in insurrection, and took possession of the government. The rising was immediately suppressed by armed force; but Prussia interfered, and demanded that those concerned, who were about to be tried, should be set free. The threat of war called forth an extraordinary burst of Swiss patriotism, and the whole trained population stood to arms. This energetic bearing led, through the intervention of the other powers, to a compromise by which the king of Prussia gave up all his rights, retaining merely the title of Prince of Neuchâtel.

*Constitution.*—Switzerland is now composed of twenty-five cantons, having a united area of nearly sixteen thousand square miles, with a population of two millions and a half. The names of the cantons are: Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden (Upper), Unterwalden (Lower), Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle (Town), Basle (District), Schaffhausen, Appenzell (Exterior), Appenzell (Interior), St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin or Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva.

Owing to the nature of the country and the circumstances of its history, these cantons continue to this day to be in a great measure separate states, each managing its own internal affairs, and having its own form of constitution. The cantonal constitutions are divided into two classes, absolute democracies and representative democracies. In the former, the chief power belongs to the *Landesgemeinde*, an assembly of the whole adult male population, which meets once a year, to pass laws, and to regulate the taxes and expenditure of the canton. Uri, the Unterwaldens, Appenzell, and Glarus have constitutions of this kind. In the Grisons and the Valais, the people may be said to possess similar powers, as all measures must be approved of by them. In the other, the representative cantons, a great council is elected by the people, and to it are deputed most of the powers of the *Landesgemeinde*. These local assemblies produce a remarkable effect on the Swiss people. Their debates have an importance far beyond that of an English town-council, or even of a colonial parliament, for their power is much greater, and the population are more immediately interested in them. To the interest they excite is, no doubt, to be attributed, in a great degree, the intelligence and public spirit of the Swiss. The greatest disadvantage lay in the power the cantons formerly had to levy war against each other, and to resist the general government in conducting the foreign policy of the country. But these defects have been to a great extent remedied by the new constitution, which came into operation in 1848. It handed over the control of the army, the conduct of

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foreign affairs, the settlement of disputes between the cantons, and the management of the police and post-office, to a Federal Assembly (*Bundes Versammlung*) representing all the cantons. The Federal Assembly consists of two chambers, first, the State Council (*Stände rath*); second, the National Council (*National rath*). The former is composed of 44 members, two representing each canton; the latter, of 120 members, elected by the cantons, in the proportion of one to 20,000 inhabitants. These bodies depute the executive authority to the Federal Council (*Bundes rath*), consisting of seven members, and holding office for three years. The president is merely one of the council, and he has none of the quasi-royal privileges of the American president, whose functions are discharged by the whole council. Different systems of law still prevail in the different cantons, which to some extent resemble each other, the most of them having grown out of the old German codes. In recent times, trial by jury has been introduced, but in the Catholic cantons the codes of law carry us back to the middle ages: they still prescribe for certain offences various degrees of corporal punishment, exposure on the pillory, and public penance in the churches. In Switzerland, property is much subdivided, and this has exercised a very marked effect on the population. Of 485,000 heads of families, no less than 465,000 possess landed property. In the absence of great landed estates, there is no powerful aristocratic class. There are no titles of Swiss origin, families possessing such distinctions deriving them from abroad.

There is no standing army in Switzerland, but every citizen is obliged to serve as a soldier, and military drill is taught at all the schools.

*Language and Religion.*—In the sequestered valleys of the Grisons, two-thirds of the population still speak a Latin dialect known as the Romaunsh; Italian dialects have penetrated up the valleys of Ticino; French prevails in Western Switzerland; in the rest of the country the dialects are German. Of every 1000 Swiss, 702 speak German, 226 French, 55 Italian, and 17 Romaunsh. The Swiss Reformation spread chiefly from Basle, Berne, and Geneva, and the chief Protestant districts are the countries communicating with these towns. The Alpine region is almost entirely Roman Catholic, the seven Catholic cantons being Lucerne, Zug, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Valais, and Ticino. Out of 1000 Swiss, 411 are Roman Catholics, 587 Protestants, and 2 Jews.

*Education.*—In no country is elementary instruction more widely diffused. Parents are compelled to send their children to school from five to eight, but not above that age. There are universities on the German model at Basle, Berne, and Zurich, and academies on the French plan at Geneva and Lausanne. The number of clubs for scientific and literary, musical and social purposes, is most remarkable. There are no pursuits to which a class of men can

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devote themselves which are not represented by societies in Switzerland. The local political assemblies and other public meetings give ample employment to the newspaper and periodical press. In Switzerland there are accordingly 188 political journals, and 167 periodicals devoted to literature and science. There are 40 daily papers. This active intellectual life is, however, chiefly confined to the Protestant cantons.

*Productions.*—In Switzerland, where good coal is not to be had, and where the houses are built of wood, the forests, which cover one-sixth of the whole surface, acquire very great importance. Wood-cutting is one of the chief employments of the people. The trees cut down in the highlands are deprived of their branches, and shot with inconceivable rapidity over the slopes to the valleys below, whence they are removed by rafts, not only to different parts of Switzerland, but to France and Germany. It is, however, the mountain-pastures and the meadows, forming two-fifths of the whole surface of the country, that supply the chief occupations of the people—those of herdsmen and shepherds. During the summer, the cattle are driven into the mountains, and tended by herdsmen, who take up their abode in the rude wooden huts known as *châllets*, and there the butter and cheese are made. In summer, it is estimated that there are in Switzerland upwards of a million of horned cattle, one-fourth of which consists of milch cows. The produce of the dairy annually is valued at between one and two millions sterling. The best cheese is made at Emmen, Saanen, Simmenthal, Gruyères, and Ursern. The sheep of Switzerland are of inferior breed, and their wool is short and coarse; but the goats are numerous and fine. The plain is a fertile agricultural country; yet Switzerland, as a whole, produces only about two-thirds of the grain required for consumption. In Vaud and Neufchatel, the cultivation of the vine is the chief occupation of the people; and in other parts, more particularly on the shores of the Lake of Constance, there are extensive orchards, in which are prepared cider and *kirschwasser*, the latter being a liquor largely consumed in Switzerland. It will give some idea of the extent to which Switzerland is cultivated, to state, that out of every hundred square miles of surface, thirty are occupied by rocks, glaciers, and water; twenty by hill-pastures; seventeen by forests; eleven by arable lands; twenty by meadows; and one by vineyards.

*Manufactures.*—The manufacturing districts are not scattered over the whole surface of the country; they are met with chiefly on the northern frontier. The chief manufactures are—at Zurich, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,600,000 annually, and cottons; at St Gall and Appenzell, cottons; in Aargau and Glarus, cottons, linens, silks, and hosiery; at Basle, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,400,000, leather, paper, and tobacco; in Aargau and Lucerne, straw-plaiting; in Neufchatel, watch-making and cotton-printing; in Geneva, watch-



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making and jewellery. Internal communication has long been facilitated in Switzerland by excellent roads, and every advantage has been taken of the lakes to introduce steam-navigation. The plain is now overspread from one end to the other with a network of railways, which in many directions send ramifications into the Alpine valleys, thus connecting closely all parts of the country.

Although Switzerland is inland, its commerce in proportion to population has long exceeded that of any other country of Europe. According to a calculation made in 1856, the value of the trade of Switzerland gave for each individual of the population 406 francs; while the rate in England was only 268, in France 101, in the German customs-union 83, and in Belgium 296. This remarkable result is owing partly to the system of free-trade early adopted and consistently followed, partly to the cheapness of the administration; and especially to the circumstance that there is no standing army to withdraw, as in other continental countries, an ever-increasing proportion of the population from productive industry.

The early establishment of freedom in trade is partly attributable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. The free system which thus grew up spontaneously, as it were, was all along consistently upheld by the central authorities, and was preserved essentially intact in the new constitution of 1848; for although it was necessary to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the central government, the duties imposed were very light, and were strictly financial and not protective. At the same time, all internal obstructions to commerce, in the shape of duties between the several cantons, and road and bridge tolls, were done away with, the confederation undertaking to pay a yearly sum as indemnity to the cantons concerned.

*The Watch Manufacture.*—Geneva and Neuchâtel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neuchâtel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages :

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'As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

'Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil.

'For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed; several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is now little more than a century since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. Latterly, the export of watches has been very considerable, and the small and delicate watches of Switzerland are known in almost every country in the world.'

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### FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from 20 to 30 miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now traversed by steam-boats several times a day.

What imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connection with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked.

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons,



Tell's Chapel.

from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the

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Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads ; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's Chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Kussnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures ; its general appearance is wild and desolate ; and only once a year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles further on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri ; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a



region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finisterarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. We here present a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty

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miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direction from Lake Lemman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. Cretins occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently goitres than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Lemman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Lemman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Lemman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the

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midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steam-boats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a *dépôt* for military stores, and within its walls prisoners committed for political offences are confined. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shews on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the *Prisoner of Chillon* of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic licence has therefore been taken in the forcible lines :

‘Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar ; for ’twas trod—  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—  
By Bonnivard ! May none these marks efface !  
For thy appeal from tyranny to God !’

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The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English ; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release ; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.





## ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

**T**HE horse is universally acknowledged to be one of the noblest members of the animal kingdom. Possessing the finest symmetry, and unencumbered by those external appendages which characterise many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. Highly sensitive, yet exceedingly tractable, proud, yet persevering, naturally of a roaming disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic conditions, he has been one of the most valuable aids to human civilisation—associating with man in all phases of his progress from the temporary tent to the permanent city.

By his physical structure, the horse is fitted for dry open plains that yield a short sweet herbage. His hoof is not adapted to the swamp; and though he may occasionally be seen browsing on tender shoots, yet he could subsist neither in the jungle nor in the forest. His lips and teeth, however, are admirably formed for cropping the shortest grass, and thus he luxuriates where many other herbivorous animals would starve, provided he be supplied with water, of which he is at all times a liberal drinker. He cannot crush his food like the hippopotamus, nor does he ruminate like the ox; but he grinds the herbage with a peculiar lateral motion of the jaw, which looks not unlike the action of a millstone. Delighting in the river-plain



## ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

and open glade, the savannahs of America, the steppes of Asia, and the plains of Europe, must be regarded as his head-quarters in a wild state. There is doubt expressed, however, as to the original locality of the horse. The wild herds of America are looked upon as the descendants of Spanish breeds imported by the first conquerors of that continent; those of the Ukraine, in Europe, are said to be the progeny of Russian horses abandoned after the siege of Azof in 1696; and even those of Tartary are regarded as coming from a more southern stock. Naturalists therefore look to the countries bordering on Egypt as in all likelihood the primitive place of residence of this noble animal; and there is no doubt that the Arabian breed, when perfectly pure, presents the finest specimen of a horse in symmetry, docility, and courage. Regarding the horse as of Asiatic origin, we now find him associated with man in almost every region of the habitable globe. Like the dog, ox, sheep, and a few others of the brute creation, he seems capable of accommodating himself to very different conditions, and assumes a shaggy coat or a sleek skin, a size little inferior to that of the elephant, or not larger than that of an English mastiff, just as circumstances of climate and food require.\*

In a state of nature, the horse loves to herd with his fellows, and droves of from four to five hundred, or even double that number, are not unfrequently seen, if the range be wide and fertile. The members of these vast droves are inoffensive in their habits, and when not startled or hunted, are rather playful and frolicsome; now scouring the plain in groups for mere amusement, now suddenly stopping, pawing the soil, then snorting, and off straight as an arrow, or **wheeling** in circles—making the ground shake with their wild merriment. It is impossible to conceive a more animated picture than a group of **wild** horses at play. Their fine figures are thrown into a thousand attitudes; and as they rear, curvet, dilate the nostril, paw in **quivering** nervousness to begin the race, or speed away with erect mane and flowing tail, they present forms of life and energy which the painter may strive in vain to imitate. They seldom shift their stations, unless compelled by failure of pasture or water; and thus they acquire a boldness and confidence in their haunts which it is rather unsafe to disturb. They never attack other animals, however, but always act

\* In ordinary systems of zoology, the horse is classed with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned animals, as the elephant, tapir, hog, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros. Differing from the rest of the class in many respects, he has been taken as the representative of a distinct family known by the name of *Equidae* (*equus*, a horse), which embraces the horse, ass, zebra, quagga, onagga, and dzequetai. All these animals have solid hoofs, are destitute of horns, have moderately-sized ears, are less or more furnished with manes, and have their tails either partially or entirely covered with long hair. The family may, with little impropriety, be divided into two sections—the one comprehending the horse and its varieties, and the other the ass, zebra, and remaining members. In the former, the tail is adorned with long flowing hair, the mane is also long and flowing, and the fetlocks are bushy; the latter have the tail only tipped with long hair, the mane erect, and the legs smooth and naked. The colours of the horse have a tendency to *dapple*—that is, to arrange themselves in rounded spots on a common ground; in the ass, zebra, and other genera, the colours are arranged in stripes more or less parallel.

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upon the defensive. Having pastured, they retire either to the confines of the forest, or to some elevated portion of the plain, and recline on the sward, or hang listlessly on their legs for hours together. One or more of their number are always awake to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and to warn them of approaching danger, which is done by snorting loudly, or neighing. Upon this signal the whole troop start to their feet, and either reconnoitre the enemy or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel and by the older stallions. Byron has happily described the manners of a herd surprised by the arrival of Mazeppa and his fainting charger on their pastures :

‘ They stop—they start—they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,  
Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide;  
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.’

They are seldom to be taken by surprise ; but if attacked, the assailant seldom comes off victorious, for the whole troop unite in defence of their comrades, and either tear him to pieces with their teeth, or kick him to death.

There is a remarkable difference in the dispositions of the Asiatic and South American wild horses. Those of the former continent can never be properly tamed, unless trained very young, but frequently break out into violent fits of rage in after-life, exhibiting every mark of natural wildness ; while those of America can be brought to perfect obedience, and even rendered somewhat docile, within a few weeks, nay, sometimes days. It would be difficult to account for this opposition of temper, unless we can suppose that it is influenced by climate, or rather the transmission of domesticated peculiarities from the original Spanish stock.

## CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

As in South America we have the most numerous herds, and the most extensive plains for their pasture, so it is there that the catching and subduing of the wild horse presents one of the most daring and exciting engagements. If an additional horse is wanted, a wild one is either hunted down with the assistance of a trained animal and the *lasso*, or a herd are driven into a *corral* (a space enclosed with rough posts), and one selected from the number. The latter mode is spirit-edly described by Miers, whose account we transcribe, premising that

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a *lasso* is a strong plaited thong, about forty feet in length, rendered supple by grease, and having a noose at the end : 'The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones about two or three years old. The chief *guacho* (native inhabitants of the plains are called *peons* or *guachos*), mounted on a strong steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way. The *peons* now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his fore-legs, just above the fetlock, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he had got had killed him. In an instant a *guacho* was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut off the whole of the mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This they told me was a mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve for a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The *guacho* who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp; and while two men held the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ear, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the end to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of our English steed : however, the *guacho's* spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider.

'Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve *guachos* were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the *guachos* were girtling the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in unnatural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

'It was now curious to look around and see the *guachos* on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work; for the poor creatures had been so scared there, that they were unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses; they were jumping and dancing in various ways, while the right arm of the *guachos* was seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and

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bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another.'

To hunt down the horse in the open plain requires still greater address and greater strength of arm. According to Captain Hall, the *guacho* first mounts a steed which has been accustomed to the sport, and gallops him over the plain in the direction of the wild herd, and, circling round, endeavours to get close to such a one as he thinks will answer his purpose. As soon as he has approached sufficiently near, the lasso is thrown round the two hind-legs, and as the *guacho* rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the hunter dismounts, and, snatching his *poncho* or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the *poncho*, upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours by a thousand vain efforts to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the animal to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions.

## DOMESTICATION.

The subduing of wild specimens in America, the Ukraine, Tartary, and other regions, must be regarded as merely supplementary to that domestication which the horse has undergone from the remotest antiquity. A wild adult may be subjugated, but can never be thoroughly trained; even the foal of a wild mother, though taught with the greatest care from the day of its birth, is found to be inferior to domestic progeny in point of steadiness and intelligence. Parents, it would seem, transmit to their offspring mental susceptibility as well as corporeal symmetry; and thus, to form a just estimate of equine qualities, we must look to the domesticated breeds of civilised nations. At what period the horse was first subjected to the purposes of man, we have no authentic record. He is mentioned by the oldest writers, and it is probable that his domestication was nearly coeval with the earliest state of society. Trimmed and decorated chargers appear on Egyptian monuments more than four thousand years old; and on sculptures equally if not more ancient, along the banks of the Euphrates. One of the oldest books of Scripture contains the most powerful description of the war-horse; Joseph gave the Egyptians bread in exchange for horses; and the people of Israel are said to have gone out under Joshua against hosts armed with 'horses and chariots very many.' At a later date, Solomon is said to have obtained horses 'out of Egypt, and out of all lands,' and to have had 'four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve

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thousand horsemen.' Thus we find that in the plains of the Euphrates, Nile, and Jordan, the horse was early the associate of man, bearing him with rapidity from place to place, and aiding in the carnage and tumult of battle. He does not appear, however, to have been employed in the more useful arts of agriculture and commerce; these supposed drudgeries being imposed on the more patient ox, ass, and camel. Even in refined Greece and Rome, he was merely yoked to the war-chariot, placed under the saddle of the soldier, or trained for the race-course.

As civilisation spread westward over Europe, the demands upon the strength and endurance of the horse were multiplied, and in time he was called upon to lend his shoulder indiscriminately to the carriage and wagon, to the mill, plough, and other implements of husbandry. It is in this servant-of-all-work capacity that we must now regard him; and certainly a more docile, steady, and willing assistant it would be impossible to find. But it is evident that the ponderous shoulder and firm step necessary for the wagon would not be exactly the thing for the mail-coach; nor would the slow and steady draught, so valuable in the plough, be any recommendation to the hunter or roadster. For these varied purposes men have selected different stocks, which either exist naturally, or have been produced by a long-continued and careful system of breeding. In a state of nature, the horse assumes various qualities in point of symmetry, size, strength, and fleetness, according to the conditions of soil, food, and climate which he enjoys. It is thus that we have the Arabian, Tartar, Ukraine, Shetland, and other stocks, each differing so widely from the others, that the merest novice could not possibly confound them. Besides these primitive stocks, a thousand *breeds*, as they are called, have been produced by domestication, so that at the present time it would require volumes even for their enumeration. In our own country, for example, we have such breeds as the Flanders, Norman, Cleveland, Suffolk, Galloway, Clydesdale, and Shetland; and of these, numerous varieties, as may be required for the turf, the road, the cart, or the carriage. All this exhibits the wonderful ductility of the horse, and proves how admirably he is adapted to be the companion and assistant of man, as the latter spreads himself over the tenantable regions of the globe. It is to the character of the horse thus domesticated that we intend to devote the rest of this sheet; to his intellectual and moral, rather than to his physical qualities; to those traits of spirit and daring, of aptitude, prudence, memory, and affection, with which his history abounds.

### COURAGE.

Courage and unshrinking firmness have ever been attributes of the horse. The magnificent description given in the book of Job, must be familiar to every one: 'Hast thou given the horse

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strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.' It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head, and the ears far asunder, are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the forelock. This assertion is in all probability correct, for there is no reason why cerebral development should not influence the character of a horse as well as that of a man; but much, too, depends upon judicious training. Some, says Colonel Smith, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick up grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, shrapnell-shells, and rockets; and it was painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and to hear their groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect, at a charge in 1794—when the light-dragoon horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted—a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

The horse, though naturally afraid of the lion, tiger, and other feline animals, has often sufficient confidence in a firm rider and his own courage to overcome this timidity, and to join in the attack. This was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Sir Robert Gillespie, and noticed in the *Naturalists' Library*. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindu festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear from one of the bystanders, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. Here, instead of swerving, the noble animal went right over his formidable enemy with a firmness that enabled the rider to use his lance with precision.

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This steed was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the prince-regent.

M. Arnauld, in his *History of Animals*, relates the following incident of ferocious courage in a mule: This animal belonged to a gentleman in Florence, and became so vicious and refractory, that he not only refused to submit to any kind of labour, but actually attacked with his heels and teeth those who attempted to compel him. Wearied with such conduct, his master resolved to make away with him, by exposing him to the wild beasts in the menagerie of the grand duke. For this purpose he was first placed in the dens of the hyenas and tigers, all of whom he would have soon destroyed, had he not been speedily removed. At last he was handed over to the lion, but the mule, instead of exhibiting any symptoms of alarm, quietly receded to a corner, keeping his front opposed to his adversary. Once planted in the corner, he resolutely kept his place, eyeing every movement of the lion, which was preparing to spring upon him. The lion, however, perceiving the difficulty of an attack, practised all his wiles to throw the mule off his guard, but in vain. At length the latter, perceiving an opportunity, made a sudden rush upon the lion, and in an instant broke several of his teeth by the stroke of his fore-feet. The 'king of the animals,' as he has been called, finding that he had got quite enough of the combat, slunk grumbling to his cage, and left the hardy mule master of the battle.

As may be readily supposed, the intrepidity of the horse is often of signal service in the cause of humanity, commanding at once our esteem and admiration. We know of no instance in which his assistance was so successfully rendered as in that which once occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, and which is related by M. De Pages in his *Travels Round the World*. 'I should have found it difficult,' says he, 'to give it credit, had it not happened the evening before my arrival; and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape. A violent gale of wind setting in from north-north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted, and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when again seating

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himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldomer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land; but his gallant rider, alas! was no more.'

Occasionally, there is so much sagacity and affection combined with the intrepidity of the horse, that his conduct would do credit even to the bravest human nature. Like the dog, he has been known to swim to the assistance of a drowning creature, and this without any other impulse than that of his own generous feelings. Captain Thomas Brown, in his interesting *Biographical Sketches of the Horse*—a work to which we are indebted for several of the facts here recorded—mentions the following gratifying incident, which proves the possession of something more than mere unreasoning instinct: A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

## FLEETNESS, STRENGTH, AND ENDURANCE.

Although fleetness, strength, and power of endurance are strictly physical properties, yet they depend so intimately upon courage, emulation, and other moral qualities, that we cannot do better than consider them in this place. Taken separately, a greater degree of swiftness or of strength may be found in certain other animals, but in none are all these properties so fully and perfectly developed as in the horse. And what is also remarkable, in him they are improved by domestication, a process which tends to deteriorate them in most other animals. It is thus by the unwearied attention of breeders, that our own horses are now capable of performing what no others can. In 1755, Matchem ran the Beacon Course at Newmarket—in length four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards—with eight stone seven pounds, in seven minutes and twenty seconds. Flying Childers ran the same course in seven minutes and a half; and the Round Course, which is three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds, carrying nine stone and two pounds. In 1772, a mile was run by Firetail in one minute and four seconds. In the year 1745, the postmaster of Stretton rode, on different horses, along the road to and from London, no less than 215 miles, in eleven hours and a half—a rate of above



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eighteen miles an hour; and in July 1788, a horse belonging to a gentleman of Billiter Square, London, was trotted for a wager thirty miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes—which is at the rate of more than twenty-one miles an hour. In September 1784, a Shetland pony, eleven hands high, carrying five stone, was matched for one hundred guineas to run from Norwich to Yarmouth and back again, which is forty-four miles. He performed it with ease in three hours and forty-five minutes, which was thought to be the greatest feat ever done by a horse of his height. In October 1741, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr Wilde engaged to ride 127 miles in nine hours; he performed it in six hours and twenty-one minutes, riding ten horses and allowing for mounting and dismounting, and a moment for refreshment; he rode for six hours at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Mr Shafto, in 1762, with ten horses, and five of them ridden twice, accomplished fifty miles and a quarter in one hour and forty-nine minutes. In 1763 he won a second match, which was to provide a person to ride 100 miles a day, on any one horse each day, for twenty-nine days together, and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine: he accomplished the task on fourteen horses; and on one day he rode 160 miles, on account of the tiring of his first horse. The celebrated Marquis de Lafayette rode, in August 1778, from Rhode Island to Boston, a distance of nearly seventy miles, in seven hours, and returned in six and a half. Mr Huell's Quibbler, however, afforded the most extraordinary instance on record of the stoutness as well as speed of the race-horse, when, in December 1786, he ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds. Hundreds of other examples might be quoted, some of them even perhaps more wonderful than those above cited, but these will serve at least to shew the astonishing fleetness of the horse, and to confirm our assertion, that in this particular he is not surpassed by any other quadruped.

The strength and power of draught in the horse is not less remarkable than his swiftness. 'In London,' says Bingley, in his *Animal Biography*, 'there have been instances of a single horse drawing, for a short space, the weight of three tons; and some of the pack-horses of the north usually carry burdens weighing upwards of 400 pounds; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of the British breed is in our mill-horses, some of which have been known to carry, at one load, thirteen measures of corn, that, in the whole, would amount to more than 900 pounds weight.' Useful as the horse may be to man on account of his great natural strength, his utility is increased tenfold by the assistance of art, as is well illustrated by the following trial which took place near Croydon, in Surrey: The Surrey iron railway being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods from Wandsworth to Mertsam, a bet was made that a common horse could draw thirty-six tons for six miles along the road, and that he

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should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. A number of gentlemen assembled near Mertsam to witness this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve wagons loaded with stones, each wagon weighing about three tons, were chained together, and a horse belonging to Mr Harwood yoked to the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of wagons, with apparent ease, to near the turn-pike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-six minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of the undertaking he was stopped four times, to shew that it was not by the impetus of the descent the power was acquired. After each stoppage, a chain of four wagons was added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to shew the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, were directed to mount the wagons; still the horse proceeded without the least distress; and, in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the wagons were taken to the weighing-machine, when it was found that the whole weight was little short of fifty-five tons and a half!

The endurance of the horse is also exceedingly great, and equalled only perhaps by that of the camel. The elephant either breaks down under his own weight, or becomes infuriated when goaded beyond his accustomed powers; the ox, though extremely patient, soon suffers in his feet, or becomes faint through hunger; but the horse toils on unflinchingly, till not unfrequently he drops down dead through sheer exhaustion. The mares of the Bedouin Arabs will often travel fifty miles without stopping; and they have been known to go 120 miles on emergencies, with hardly a respite, and no food. In 1804, an Arab horse at Bangalore, in the presidency of Madras, ran 400 miles in the course of four successive days, and that without shewing any symptoms of more than ordinary fatigue. Sometimes our own English horses will perform equally astonishing feats, notwithstanding that they carry larger weights, and are more heavily harnessed. In June 1827, a gentleman left Dublin, mounted on a small gelding, in company with the day-coach for Limerick, and arrived at Nenagh at six o'clock the same evening, having kept the vehicle in view all the time, and entered the town with it, riding the same horse. There was a wager of fifty guineas to ten that he would not bring the horse alive to Nenagh. The animal was, however, none the worse for it, after the extraordinary ride of ninety-five English miles.

Even the ass, dull and stupid as our bad treatment too often makes him, is not without his share of vigour and endurance. In 1826, according to Captain Brown, a clothier of Ipswich undertook to drive his ass in a light gig to London and back again—a distance of 140 miles—in two days. The ass went to London at a pace little

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short of a good gig-horse, and fed at different stages well ; on his return he came in, without the application of a whip, at the rate of seven miles an hour, and performed the whole journey with ease. He was twelve and a half hands high, and half-breed Spanish and English.

### ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

In submission and attachment to man, the horse is equalled only by the dog and elephant. He soon learns to distinguish his master's voice, and to come at his call ; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence ; he joins with him willingly in any work, and appears susceptible of emulation and rivalry ; and though frequently fierce and dangerous to strangers, yet there are few instances on record of his being faithless to those with whom he is domesticated, unless under the most inhumane and barbarous treatment. Colonel Smith relates the following affecting incident of attachment in a charger which belonged to the late General Sir Robert Gillespie : When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore, was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort ; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

The affection of the horse is sometimes displayed in joyous gambols and familiar caresses like those of the dog, though, like the man in the fable who was embraced by his ass, one would willingly dispense with such boisterous manifestations. We are informed in the *Sporting Magazine*, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, December 1793, a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which would place its fore-foot in the hand of its

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young master like a dog, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy romplings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every aggressive urchin, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the school-room, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed the young scapegrace did not deserve one-tenth of this attention, for we have often seen old 'Donald' toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at taw or cricket.

Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human species. During the Peninsular War, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the Peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

On the evening of Saturday the 24th February 1830, Mr Smith, supervisor of excise at Beaulieu, was proceeding home from a survey of Fort-Augustus, and, to save a distance of about sixteen miles, he took the hill-road from Drumnadrochit to Beaulieu. The road was completely blocked up with, and indiscernible amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr Smith soon lost all idea of his route. In this dilemma he thought it best to trust to his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course. The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glencon-

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went, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all sense of consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so striking and providential an escape.

Very similar to the above is the following instance related of a hunter belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh: On one occasion his master was returning home from a jovial meeting, where he had been very liberal in his potations, which destroyed his power of preserving his equilibrium, and rendered him at the same time somewhat drowsy. He had the misfortune to fall from his saddle, but in so easy a manner, that it had not the effect of rousing him from his sleepy fit: and he felt quite contented to rest where he had alighted. His faithful steed, on being eased of his burden, instead of scampering home, as one would have expected from his habits (which were somewhat vicious), stood by his prostrate master, and kept a strict watch over him. The farmer was discovered by some labourers at sunrise, very contentedly snoozing on a heap of stones by the roadside. They naturally approached to replace him on his saddle; but every attempt to come near him was resolutely opposed by the grinning teeth and ready heels of his faithful and determined guardian.

The *Biographical Sketches*, on the authority of which we give the preceding, also records the following, as exhibiting a still more sagacious solicitude on the part of the horse for his master: 'A farmer who lives in the neighbourhood of Belford, and regularly attends the markets there, was returning home one evening in 1828, and being somewhat tipsy, rolled off his saddle into the middle of the road. His horse stood still; but after remaining patiently for some time, and not observing any disposition in its rider to get up and proceed further, he took him by the collar and shook him. This had little or no effect, for the farmer only gave a grumble of dissatisfaction at having his repose disturbed. The animal was not to be put off with any such evasion, and so applied his mouth to one of his master's coat laps, and after several attempts, by dragging at it, to raise him upon his feet, the coat lap gave way. Three individuals who witnessed this extraordinary proceeding then went up, and assisted him in mounting his horse, putting the one coat lap into the pocket of the other, when he trotted off, and safely reached home. This horse is deservedly a favourite of his master, and has, we understand, occasionally been engaged in gambols with him like a dog.'

The generally received opinion, that asses are stubborn and intractable, alike unmoved by harsh or affectionate usage, is in a

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great measure unfounded, as appears from the following anecdote, related in Church's *Cabinet of Quadrupeds*. In most instances, their stubbornness is the result of bad treatment—a fact that says less for the humanity and intelligence of man, than for the natural dispositions of the brute. An old man, who a few years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass, which conveyed his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor industrious creature a handful of hay, or a piece of bread, or greens, by way of refreshment and reward. He had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. His kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked whether his beast was apt to be stubborn. 'Ah! master,' replied he, 'it is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain; for he is ready to do anything, and go anywhere. I bred him myself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me; you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom.'

## INSTANCES OF REVENGE AND OBSTINACY.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, in America, was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind-legs, and killed his master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provocation was deceit and trickery; the poor horse, however, often receives heavier incentives to revenge. Can we blame him when he attempts it in such cases as the following? A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him;

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and had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with his teeth and broke his arm ; it then threw him down, and lay upon him—every effort to get it off proving unavailing, till the bystanders were compelled to shoot it. The reason assigned for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, and which it seems to have revengefully remembered.

The ass, like his congener the horse, is also sometimes influenced by the most determined revenge. At Salwell, in 1825, an ass was ferociously attacked by a bull-dog ; but the poor animal defended himself so gallantly with his heels—keeping his rear always presented to his assailant—that the dog was unable to fix on him. He at length turned rapidly round on his adversary, and caught hold of him with his teeth in such a manner that the dog was unable to retaliate. Here the dog howled most repentantly, and one would have thought that the ass would have dismissed him with this punishment : but no ; he dragged the enemy to the river Derwent, into which he put him over the head, and lying down upon him, kept him under water till he was drowned.

Occasionally the horse displays unparalleled obstinacy, suffering himself to be lashed and bruised in the severest manner rather than yield to the wishes of his master. In most instances there is some discoverable cause for such perversity, though in some there appears to be no other impulse save that of a stubborn and wilful disposition. We have witnessed a draught-horse, working lustily and cheerfully, all at once stand still on coming to a certain spot ; and no coaxing that could be offered, or punishment that could be inflicted, would cause him to move one step, until he was blindfolded, and then he would push forward as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, we chanced to see a carter's horse take one of these obstinate fits, when issuing from a quarry with a load of stones. The most shameful tortures were had recourse to by the carter and quarrymen ; but all to no purpose. We believe the animal would have suffered himself to be cut to pieces rather than stir one foot. At last the carter in desperation threw an iron chain round the neck of the animal, and yoked another horse to the chain ; but no sooner did the obstinate brute perceive the intention of this application, than he rushed forward ; and from that day, the simple jingling of a chain was quite sufficient to put him out of the sulks.

For the most part, however, there is some apparent cause for these intractable fits, such as the remembrance of a fright, of a severe punishment, or of some other injury. Thus we have known a riding-horse pass within a few feet of the wands of a wind-mill

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when in motion; and yet no force or persuasion would induce him to pass them when they were at rest. This seemed curious to his master, till told that one day, when the animal was grazing immediately under the wands, they were suddenly set in motion, which so frightened him, that in his haste to escape he came down, and was stunned by the fall. The recollection of this had never forsaken him; and though he had courage to pass a moving wand, he could never so much as face one that had a chance of being suddenly set in motion. Akin to this is the following, related to us by a correspondent: In travelling by coach some years ago, we stopped at a country stage to change horses. While this process was going on, we remarked a peculiar interest to attach to the left-wheel horse, a strong-built, though rather hard-favoured and sinister-looking animal. After unusual preparations had been made, and amid the leers and jibes of a bevy of ostlers and post-boys, who stood by armed with whips and staves, the order was given to start. The other horses bounded forward, but the left-wheeler instantly squatted down on the ground, and there he lay, notwithstanding the shower of blows with which he was forthwith assailed from the bystanders. It was in vain that they beat, coaxed, and threatened him—there he lay, sullen and unmoved, till at last they were obliged to unyoke him, and supply his place with another. This had not been his first trick of the kind; yet we were told that the same horse submitted quietly to be yoked in a gig, and always proved a steady roadster. Some antipathy had rendered the coach abhorrent to him, though he did not pretend to exempt himself from other kinds of labour.

The ascendancy which some individuals have over intractable horses of this sort is truly wonderful, as the following curious instance, related of James Sullivan, a horse-breaker at Cork, and an awkward rustic of the lowest class, will shew. This man obtained the singular appellation of the *Whisperer*, from a most extraordinary art which he possessed of controlling, in a secret manner, and taming into the most submissive and tractable disposition, any horse that was notoriously vicious and obstinate. He practised his skill in private, and without any apparent forcible means. In the short space of half an hour, his magical influence would bring into perfect submission and good temper even a colt that had never been handled; and the effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. When employed to tame an outrageous animal, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal was given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From



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that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. The narrator of this account says: 'I once saw his skill on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of a natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of a *l'le-à-l'le* shews, that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it.'

## ATTACHMENT TO OTHER ANIMALS.

Gregarious when wild, the horse retains his sociable disposition undiminished by domestication and bondage. 'My neighbour's horse,' says White of Selborne, 'will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet.' The same disposition characterises less or more every member of the family. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb, will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often curious and inexplicable.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him, that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks: on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said: 'Let me also accompany you.' When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with

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the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying at the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

The following singular instance of attachment between a pony and a lamb is given by Captain Brown: 'In December 1825, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from an individual passing with a large flock. It was so extremely wild, that it was with great difficulty separated from its fleecy companions. He put it into his field in company with a cow and a little white Galloway. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon exhibited manifest indications of fondness for the pony, which, not insensible to such tender approaches, amply demonstrated the attachment to be reciprocal. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle no doubt drew forth the officious gaze of many; and when likely to be too closely beset, the lamb would seek an asylum beneath the pony's belly, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs, with looks of conscious security. At night, it invariably repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger, before the head of its favourite. When separated, which only happened when effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the pony responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined the flock at a short distance from the pony, but as soon as the owner removed him, it quickly followed without the least regard to its own species. Another instance of the same description happened when riding through a large flock: it followed on without shewing any symptoms of a wish to remain with its natural companions.'

As already remarked, the attachments which the horse will form, when separated from his own kind, are often curious and inexplicable, shewing how much the whole animal creation, from man himself to the humblest insect, is under the influence of a social nature. 'Even great disparity of kind,' says White, 'does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against

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his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems somewhat mistaken :

“ Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.”

We shall close this pleasing section of the horse's history with an extract from the *Biographical Sketches*, which speaks volumes for the intelligence and affection of the brute creation : ‘ My friend, Dr Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and always lay beside the horse. When Dr Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Cæsar. When it happened that the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again. While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's County, where I commanded a detachment, I had many opportunities of witnessing the friendship and sagacity of these intelligent animals. The horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his friend Cæsar as he could possibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Cæsar, bid him take the horse to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, which frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the rivulet, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. We followed at a great distance, always keeping as far off as possible, so that we could observe their manœuvres. They invariably went to the stream, and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

‘ The doctor frequently desired Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad. The dog, by a kind of bark, and leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him what he wanted, which was quickly understood ; and he cantered off, preceded by Cæsar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, and it was

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speedily done in the same manner. One one occasion Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to his canine guide, who took hold of the bridle, and led him through the water quietly.'

### POWER OF MEMORY.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognise their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those that have been in the army, though now degraded to carters' drudges, will suddenly become inspirited at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various manœuvres. Many interesting anecdotes might be recited under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards, he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. 'Here am I,' said he to himself, 'far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope.' He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

Sometimes the recollection of the horse serves him so well, that he will perform actions with as much precision when left to himself, as though he had been under the guidance of his master. A Wiltshire gentleman, in 1821, lent a well-bred and fiery mare to a friend from town, who had come down to try the Essex dogs against the Wilts breed of greyhounds. At the close of a very fine day's sport, the huntsman had to beat a small furze-brake, and, for the purpose of better threading it, the London gentleman dismounted, and gave the bridle of his mare to the next horseman. Puss was soon started; the 'halloo' was given. The person who held the mare, in the eagerness of the sport, forgot his charge, loosed his hold, and,

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regardless of any other than his own steed, left the mare to run, like Mazeppa's, 'wild and untutored.' But, to the astonishment of all, instead of so doing, or even attempting to bend her course homewards (and she was in the immediate neighbourhood of her stable), she ran the whole course at the tail of the dogs, turned as well as she could when they brought the prey about; and afterwards, by outstripping all competitors (for the run was long and sharp), she stopped only at the death of the hare, and then suffered herself to be quietly regained and remounted. What renders it still more remarkable is, that the animal had only twice followed the hounds previous to this event. It is true that her conduct may have been influenced by the circumstance, that the brace of dogs which were slipped were the property of her owner, and the groom had been in the habit of exercising them with her.

To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon horses which have once joined the chase, another incident, which occurred in 1807, has often been related: As the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton and Wilmslow in Cheshire, the horses that had performed the stage from Congleton having just been taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them with their harness on, and followed the chase till the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, till Reynard ran to earth in Mr Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed the stage back to Congleton the same evening.

Horses being highly susceptible in their dispositions, are also peculiarly mindful of kind treatment. 'This,' says Colonel Smith, 'was very manifest in a charger that had been two years our own, and which was left with the army, but had subsequently been brought back and sold in London. About three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it, we found the animal recognising its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the fore-feet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. We remember,' continues the colonel, 'a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th Dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms. The captain was a kind of centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable. After some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and became so attached, that

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his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies could mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain; and on one occasion, when in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his fore-foot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving till he was remounted.'

The most remarkable instances of minute recollection, however, occur in horses that have been accustomed to the army. It is told that in one of their insurrections in the early part of the present century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh rencontre with the same troops; but no sooner did these horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed; and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, and delivered them up as prisoners to the Bavarians. 'If an old military horse,' we quote the *Cyclopædia of Natural History*, 'even when reduced almost to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the twang of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth appears to come upon him, and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform, and drawn up in line, it is no easy matter to prevent him from joining them. Nor does it signify what kind of military they are, as is shewn by the following case: Towards the close of last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike-road was in progress of construction in a part of the north. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally, to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. The assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day, as he was passing near a town of considerable size which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; and the instant that Solus (for that was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding-officer of a regiment on parade or at drill; nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding-officer in all their manœuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators, and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who did not feel very highly honoured by Solus making a colonel of him against his will.'

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The following illustration of combined memory and reasoning has often been recorded ; we are not aware, however, upon whose authority it originally appeared : A cart-horse belonging to Mr Leggat, Gallowgate Street, Glasgow, had been several times afflicted with the bots, and as often cured by Mr Downie, farrier there. He had not, however, been troubled with that disease for a considerable time ; but on a recurrence of the disorder, he happened one morning to be employed in College Street, a distance of nearly a mile from Mr Downie's workshop. Arranged in a row with other horses engaged in the same work, while the carters were absent, he left the range, and, unattended by any driver, went down the High Street, along the Gallowgate, and up a narrow lane, where he stopped at the farrier's door. As neither Mr Leggat nor any one appeared with the horse, it was surmised that he had been seized with his old complaint. Being unyoked from the cart, he lay down and shewed by every means of which he was capable that he was in distress. He was again treated as usual, and sent home to his master, who had by that time persons in all directions in search of him.

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to his nobler congener, as is shewn by the subjoined well-known anecdote : In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the *Ister* frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat ; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able to swim to land ; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling-map, had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

## DOCILITY.

The docility of the horse is one of the most remarkable of his natural gifts. Furnished with acute senses, an excellent memory, high intelligence, and gentle disposition, he soon learns to know and obey his master's will, and to perform certain actions with astonishing accuracy and precision. The range of his performances, however, is limited by his physical conformation : he has not a hand to grasp, a proboscis to lift the minutest object, nor the advantages of a light and agile frame ; if he had, the monkey the dog, and the

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elephant would in this respect be left far behind him. Many of the anecdotes that are told under this head are highly entertaining.

Mr Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was presented him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal for a number of years officiated in the character of a waiter in the course of the performances at the amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, and would also bring into the riding-school a tea-table and its appendages, which feat was usually followed up by fetching a chair, or stool, or whatever might be wanted. His achievements were generally wound up by his taking a kettle of boiling water from a blazing fire, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators. Ray affirms that he has seen a horse that danced to music, which at the command of his master affected to be lame, feigned death, lay motionless with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprang to his feet. Feats of this kind are now indeed common, and must have been witnessed by many of our readers in the circuses of Astley, Ord, Ducrow, and others. Dancing, embracing, lying down to make sport with their keepers, fetching cane and gloves, selecting peculiar cards, and many similar performances, are among the expected entertainments of all equestrian exhibitions.

Some years ago, one of the most attractive of Ducrow's exhibitions was 'The Muleteer and his Wonderful Horse.' The feats of this pair are pleasantly described in a popular journal, by an individual who witnessed them in 1838: 'The horse,' says this writer, 'is a beautiful piebald, perfect almost in mould, and adorned about the neck with little bells. At first, it playfully and trickishly avoids its master when he affects an anxiety to catch it; but when the muleteer averts his head, and assumes the appearance of sullenness, the animal at once stops, and comes up close to his side, as if very penitent for its untimely sportiveness. Its master is pacified, and after caressing it a little, he touches the animal's fore-legs. It stretches them out, and, in doing so, necessarily causes the hind-legs to project also. We now see the purpose of these movements. The muleteer wishes a seat, and an excellent one he finds upon the horse's protruded *hind-legs*. A variety of instances of docility similar to this are exhibited by the creature in succession, but its leaping feats appeared to us the most striking of all. Poles are brought into the ring, and the horse clears *six* of these, one after the other, with a distance of not more than four feet between! After it has done this, it goes up *limping* to its master, as if to say: "See, I can do no more to-night!" The muleteer lifts the lame foot, and seems to search for the cause of the halt, but in vain. Still, however, the horse goes on

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limping. The muleteer then looks it in the face, and shakes his head, as if he would say: "Ah! you are shamming, you rogue; aren't you?" And a sham it proves to be; for, at a touch of the whip, the creature bounds off like a fawn, sound both in wind and limb.'

One of the earliest equine actors in this country was Banks's celebrated horse 'Morocco,' alluded to by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and by other writers of that time. It is stated of this animal that he would restore a glove to its owner after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear, and that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh quaintly remarks, 'that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse.' M. Legendre mentions similar feats performed by a small horse at the fair of St Germain in 1732. Among others which he accomplished with astonishing precision, he could specify, by striking his foot so many times on the ground, the number of pips upon a card which any person present had drawn out of a pack. He could also tell the hour and minute to which the hands of a watch pointed in a similar manner. His master collected a number of coins from different persons in the company, mixed them together, and threw them to the horse in a handkerchief. The animal took it in his mouth, and delivered to each person his own piece of money. What is still more wonderful, considering his size, weight, and peculiarity of construction, the horse has been known to pass along the tight rope. It is recorded that, at the solemnities which attended the wedding of Robert, brother to the king of France, in 1237, a horse was ridden along a rope, and that it kept balance and moved with precision. Our surprise at this rope-dancing faculty may, however, be a little abated, when we learn that the more unwieldy elephant has actually exhibited the same performance.\*

Even the ass, stupid as we are accustomed to consider him, is capable of being taught tricks equally clever and amusing. Leo, in his *Description of Africa*, 1556, gives the following account of a performance which he witnessed in Egypt: 'When the Mohammedan worship is over, the common people of Cairo resort to that part of the suburbs called Bed-Elloch, to see the exhibition of stage-players and mountebanks, who teach camels, asses, and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough; for after he has frisked and capered about, his master tells him that the sultan, meaning to build a great palace, intends to employ all the asses in

\* According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by the Emperor Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks—fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope (or rather parallel ropes) bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick.

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carrying mortar, stones, and other materials; upon which the ass falls down with his heels upwards, closing his eyes, and extending his chest, as if he were dead. This done, the master begs some assistance of the company, to make up for the loss of the dead ass; and having got all he can, he gives them to know that truly his ass is not dead, but only, being sensible of his master's necessity, played that trick to procure some provender. He then commands the ass to rise, which still lies in the same posture, notwithstanding all the blows he can give him; till at last he proclaims, by virtue of an edict of the sultan, all are bound to ride out next day upon the comeliest asses they can find, in order to see a triumphal show, and to entertain their asses with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced, than the ass starts up, prances, and leaps for joy. The master then declares that his ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to carry his deformed and ugly wife; upon which the ass lowers his ears, and limps with one of his legs, as if he were lame. The master alleging that his ass admires handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest lady in company; and accordingly he makes his choice, by going round and touching one of the prettiest with his head, to the great amusement of the spectators.'

This astonishing aptitude in the horse and ass is often directed to purposes more immediately useful to themselves. Thus, in 1794, a gentleman in Leeds had a horse which, after being kept up in the stable for some time, and turned out into a field where there was a pump-well supplied with water, regularly obtained a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity. For this purpose the animal was observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with the head, in a way exactly similar to that done by the hand of a man, until a sufficiency was procured. Again, horses have been taught to go to and from water or pasture by themselves, to open the gate, and otherwise to conduct themselves with a propriety almost human. We have ourselves known a farm-boy, who was too small to mount the plough-horses, teach one of the team to put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then, by gently elevating the head, to let him slip backwards to his seat on its back. This act we have seen done by the same horse a hundred times, and there was no doubt that the animal perfectly understood the wishes of the boy, and the use of its lowering the head for the purpose of his mounting.

## GENERAL SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the manner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, and station their scouts and leaders,

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shews how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c. are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by all. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the fore-foot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

The Rev. Mr Hall, in his *Travels through Scotland*, tells of the Shetland ponies, that when they come to any boggy piece of ground—whether with or without their masters—they first put their nose to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their fore-feet; and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine in a minute whether they will proceed; and that with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

Their sagacity sometimes evinces itself in behalf of their companions, in a manner which would do honour even to human nature. M. de Boussanelle, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat. In 1828, Mr Evans of Henfaes, Montgomeryshire, had a favourite pony mare and colt, that grazed in a field adjoining the Severn. One day the pony made her appearance in front of the house, and, by clattering with her feet, and other noises, attracted attention. Observing this, a person went out, and she immediately galloped off. Mr Evans desired that she should be followed; and all the gates from the house to the field were found to have been forced open. On reaching the field, the pony was found looking into the river, over the spot where the colt was lying drowned.

The deepest cunning sometimes mingles with the sagacity of the horse, as evinced by the subjoined well-known anecdote. Forrester, the famous racer, had triumphed in many a severe contest; at length, overweighed and overmatched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he reared, and eventually got abreast: they continued so

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till within the distance. They were parallel ; but the strength of Forrester began to fail. He made a last desperate plunge ; seized his opponent by the jaw to hold him back ; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, lost the race. Again, in 1753, Mr Quin had a racer which entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his rival gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs ; and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, now engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict.

Professor Kruger of Halle relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity, which we believe is not without parallel in our own country : A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint. Equal in point of sagacity with this was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a carter in Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. From the carter having a large family, this animal had got particularly intimate with children, and would on no account move when they were playing among its feet, as if it feared to do them injury. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of this animal. He carefully took it by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back, as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it. This animal was one of the most intelligent of his kind, and performed his duties with a steadiness and precision that were perfectly surprising.

The following manœuvre, which is related in most books on animal instinct, appears to us rather incredible ; we transcribe it, however, without vouching for its accuracy further than the general circulation it has received : The island of Krütsand, which is formed by two branches of the Elbe, is frequently laid under water, when, at the time of the spring-tides, the wind has blown in a direction contrary to that of the current. In April 1794, the water one day rose so rapidly, that the horses which were grazing in the plain, with their foals, suddenly found themselves standing in deep water, upon which they all set up a loud neighing, and collected themselves

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together within a small extent of ground. In this assembly they seemed to determine upon the following prudent measure, as the only means of saving their young foals, that were now standing up to the belly in the flood ; in the execution of which some old mares also took a principal part, which could not be supposed to have been influenced by any maternal solicitude for the safety of the young. The method they adopted was this : Every two horses took a foal between them, and, pressing their sides together, kept it wedged in, and lifted up quite above the surface of the water. All the horned cattle in the vicinity had already set themselves afloat, and were swimming in regular columns towards their homes. But these noble steeds, with undaunted perseverance, remained immovable under their cherished burdens for the space of six hours, till the tide ebbing, the water subsided, and the foals were at length placed out of danger. The inhabitants, who had rowed to the place in boats, viewed with delight this singular manœuvre, whereby their valuable foals were preserved from a destruction otherwise inevitable.

Respecting the intelligence of even the common work-horse, the least delicately treated of his kind, Mr Stephens, in his *Book of the Farm*, speaks in terms of high commendation. 'It is remarked,' says he, 'by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing conversing together, they will approach, and seem as it were to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this ; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companions, and will not stir when desired to stand, till his own name is pronounced. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to ; and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect sense of his work. [In ploughing] I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a directing pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard another neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of ceasing work in the evening, whether in summer or in winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise, and can even distinguish between musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, when even at his corn, would desist eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears, and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was sustained ; and another that was similarly affected by a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds : they never mistake one call for another.' It might also have been added, that work-horses seem fully to comprehend the meaning of the terms employed to direct

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them—whether forward, backward, to the left, or to the right. A great deal of this gibberish might certainly be spared with advantage, as tending only to confuse the limited faculties of the animal ; but still there is no doubt that a horse will obey the command to stop, to go on, or to swerve to either side, even should its master be hundreds of yards distant. Work-horses seem also to anticipate Sunday, perhaps partly from memory, and partly from noticing the preparations making for it. They are quick observers of any change that takes place around them ; they can distinguish the footfall of the person who feeds them ; and seem fully to understand, from the kind of harness put upon them, whether they are to be yoked in the mill, in the cart, or in the plough. Even when blind they will perform their accustomed operations with wonderful precision. We knew a blind coach-horse that ran one of the stages on the great north road for several years, and so perfectly was he acquainted with all the stables, halting-places, and other matters, that he was never found to commit a blunder. In his duties he was no doubt greatly aided by hearing and smell. He could never be driven past his own stable ; and at the sound of the coming coach, he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that though half-a-dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet was he never known to stir till the sound of the ‘Ten o’clock’ was heard in the distance.

The manner in which the ass descends the dangerous precipices of the Alps and Andes is too curious and indicative of sagacity to be passed over without notice. It is thus graphically described in the *Naturalist’s Cabinet* : ‘In the passes of these mountains, there are often on one side steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses ; and as these for the most part follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses ; and the animals themselves seem perfectly aware of the danger, by the caution they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider ; and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable, as if ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing for the encounter ; for they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having at length prepared for the descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves ; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must inevitably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful.’

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for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road with as great exactness as if they had previously determined on the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety.'

The preceding anecdotes—which form but a mere fraction of what might be gleaned—exhibit some of the principal features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured and greatly developed by domestication. Man has trained him with care, for the value of his services; we wish we could add, that he uniformly treats him with kindness and consideration. 'The reduction of the horse to a domestic state,' says Buffon, 'is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor.' If such be the principal features in the character of the horse—and they are universally admitted—the feelings of that individual are little to be envied who ever utters a harsh tone, draws a severe lash, or urges beyond his speed or strength an animal so willing and so obedient, and whose powers have been so essential to human progress.





**W**HEN we see a railway train drawn by a locomotive at the rate of forty miles an hour, and carrying as many as five hundred passengers, how little are we apt to think that this marvel of science and art is due mainly to two men, who, in the outset of their career, occupied an obscure position—James Watt and George Stephenson; one a Scotsman, the other a native of the north of England, and both affording bright examples of what may be done in adverse circumstances by dint of well-directed labour, united with that degree of prudence without which ingenuity and toil are usually in vain. Of James Watt and the steam-engine, notice is elsewhere taken. Here

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we have to speak of Stephenson—plain old George, with his Northumbrian *burr*—the perfecter of the locomotive, but for whom it might have been long before we should have seen a train running at the speed which now astonishes everybody.

George had a very humble beginning. His father, Robert Stephenson, with his wife Mabel, were a decent couple, living at a small colliery village called Wylam, situated on the north bank of the Tyne, about eight miles from Newcastle. Here 'old Bob,' as Robert was usually styled by the neighbours, was employed as fireman to the engine which pumped water from the coal-pit, an employment of a toilsome kind, but requiring no great skill, and accordingly requited by the wage of a common labourer. It is said that Bob was descended from a Scottish family which had emigrated into Northumberland, and had some pretensions to be of a superior class. But now, the family had settled down as hand-workers, a position in no respects dishonourable, for in every department of honest labour, no matter how humble, there is a dignity which nothing can overshadow. Lowly as was his situation in life, Robert Stephenson had tastes of no grovelling kind. Amiable in disposition, he was fond of animals, and loved to tell stories of one kind or other, which made him a great favourite with young persons. Mabel, his wife, good 'canny Mabel,' is reported to have been a woman of a thoughtful, nervous temperament; and it is not unlikely that, in this as in many other instances, the mother communicated the impress of her character to her children.

Robert Stephenson had six children, of whom George, the hero of our story, was the second; born 9th June 1781. The lot of the family was to work, and work they did. We do not know whether the father, with all his tastes, had any wish to give his children a fair country education. Perhaps there were no schools near at hand; but be this as it may, Bob's children, like their neighbours in like circumstances, were left entirely to themselves in the way of book-learning. When George was about eight years of age, his father removed to another colliery concern at Dewley Burn, where he filled a similar situation—that of shovelling in coal to a furnace which kept a steam-engine at work. It requires no stretch of imagination to fancy Bob here labouring daily in front of a glowing fire, with a big shovel in hand, clothed in coarse blue woollen trousers and shirt, and wiping the drops of perspiration from his face with a bunch of coarse tow. Could any one, looking at that toiling, perspiring man, have supposed that he was the father of one of England's great men? Bob, indeed, had not the slightest notion himself that he had a son who was to come to honour; and how could he?

Shortly after coming to Dewley Burn, George was put to work, for he was eight years old, and it was believed he could earn something to help on the family. A job was found for him; it was to

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herd a few cows, for which light duty he was paid twopence a day. We are now, as it were, introduced to George. He comes on the stage as a bare-legged herd-boy, driving cows, chasing butterflies, and amusing himself by making water-mills with reeds and straws, and even going the length of modelling small steam-engines with clay. In these pursuits we have a glimpse of his mechanical turn. Often we see that boys take a bent towards what first excites their fancy. Brought up among coal-pits and pumps, and wheels and engines, it was not surprising that his mind should have a bias to mechanics. Some boys, indeed, are so dull or heedless, that they may see the most curious works of art without giving them any sort of attention. But that was not George Stephenson's way. He pried into every mechanical contrivance that came under notice, and acquired a knack of making things with no other help than an old knife. There was the poor boy's genius. He did not stare at things stupidly, or with an affected air of indifference; neither did he pretend to take an interest in works of art, in order to appear clever. He liked to work out his own ideas in his simple way, without a thought of results. From being a herd-boy, he was promoted to lead horses when ploughing, hoe turnips, and do other farm-work, by which he rose from twopence to fourpence a day. He might have advanced to be an able-bodied ploughman, but his tastes did not lie in the agricultural line. What he wished was, to be employed about a colliery, so as to be among bustle of wheels, gins, and pulleys. Accordingly, quitting farm-work, he got employment at Dewley Burn to drive a gin-horse, by which change he had another rise of twopence a day, his wages being now three shillings a week. In a short time, he went as gin-horse driver to the colliery of Black Callerton; and as this was two miles from the parental home, he walked that distance morning and evening. This walk, however, was nothing to George, who was getting to be a big stout boy, fond of rambling about after birds' nests, and keeping tame rabbits, and always taking a part in country sports. His next rise was to act as an assistant-fireman to his father at Dewley. Gladly he accepted this situation, for besides that he was allowed a shilling a day, he looked to being promoted to be engineman, which now, in his fourteenth year, was the height of his ambition. George did not long remain here. The coal-pit was wrought out and deserted, and the workmen and apparatus were removed to a colliery at Jolly's Close, a few miles distant. The Stephenson family removed with the others, and now occupied a cottage of only a single apartment, situated in a row of similar dwellings, with a run of water in front, and heaps of debris all around.

In this miserably confined cottage, there were accommodated the father and mother and six children, some of them pretty well grown up; and as all helped by their work, there was nothing like poverty in the household. George and his elder brother James were assistant-

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firemen ; two younger boys performed some humble labour about the pit ; and two girls assisted their mother in household affairs. The total earnings of the father and sons amounted to from 35s. to 40s. a week. As this was equal to about £100 per annum, we are entitled to say that on that sum old Bob ought to have brought up his family respectably, and given them at least the elements of education. But in this as in thousands of cases, little else was thought of than to consume the whole weekly earnings in a coarse kind of plenty, leaving chance or the parish to provide for the future. No doubt, humble as it was, this was a most extravagant way of living, and it is obviously by such improvidence that many of the manual labouring-classes ever keep themselves on the brink of poverty. The only excuse we can find for Bob and Mabel is, that they did not know any better, and deprived of suitable house-accommodation, had perhaps no heart to aspire to a more economic mode of life. Nor should we fail to remember, that unless school-instruction is obtruded in some shape or other on colliery villages and rural hamlets, the residents can scarcely be blamed for their ignorance. Recent statutes and arrangements have probably done much to remedy this social defect among the Northumbrian colliers, and their children must in many respects be better looked to than was the fortune of their predecessors. From whatever cause, the want of education was a serious disadvantage to the young Stephensons. Not one of them was taught to read. George, at fifteen years of age, when working as assistant-fireman, and forming one of a family who were earning about a hundred a year, and paying no house-rent, did not know a letter. To one with much natural sagacity, and an ambition to improve in circumstances, we cannot easily conceive a more dreary condition. Let any one picture to himself the situation of a friendless lad, totally uneducated, living in a colliery village, and then try to conceive by what force of circumstances that lad was to attain to eminence in wealth and station, and as a benefactor to mankind. In vain we make the effort, yet we shall see by what simple means Providence brings out great results, which no man can possibly discover by the most penetrating foresight.

Every man, no matter how lowly his lot, may be said to have a choice of two paths. He may fall in with the multitude of those who seek immediate self-indulgence, and take no thought of the future : or shrinking from this too common routine, he may, in the face of untold difficulties, make a sacrifice, for the sake of moral and intellectual improvement, with which not unusually comes an improvement in circumstances. We are now called on to notice which of the two paths was taken by George Stephenson. He chose immediate sacrifice, and lived to thank God for inspiring him to do so. Let us see how he set about it, and how he carried it through. His duty consisted in attending to the furnace of one of those gigantic steam-engines which pumped water from a coal-pit. From

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Dewley he went to Mid Mill, and after that to the colliery of Throckley-bridge, at which his wages were twelve shillings a week. He felt he was getting on. It was a proud moment for him when one Saturday evening he got his first twelve shillings. 'Now,' said he enthusiastically, 'I am a made man for life.'

While at this occupation he acquired a character for steadiness—that was a great point gained. The world is always groping about for steady men, and sometimes it is not easy getting hold of them. George was rigorously sober, and was never so happy as when he was at work, though it is also related of him that he took pleasure after work-hours in wrestling, putting or throwing the stone, and other feats of muscular skill. He possessed a powerful frame, and could lift heavy weights in a manner that was thought surprising. Rather a general favourite from his good-nature and dexterity at rustic sports, George likewise gave satisfaction to his employers, and, reputed as a clever, handy young man, was promoted to the situation of engineman or plugman at Newburn. From looking after a furnace, he had now to attend to the working of a steam-engine, and to watch that the pumps were kept properly working. It was a post of responsibility, and not without trouble. If the pumps went wrong, he had to descend the pit, and do his best to rectify them by plugging; that is, stuffing any hole or crevice to make them draw; and if the defect was beyond his power of remedy, his duty was to report it to the chief engineer. In these services George took immense delight. He was now in his element; could handle, and scour, and work about among pistons, cylinders, wheels, levers, pumps, and other mechanical contrivances, and regarded the entire engine under his charge with feelings of keen admiration and affection. One likes to hear of this, for there is always something pleasing in the idea that a youth is an enthusiast in the kind of labour to which he has addressed himself, for there are then good hopes of his success.

George was so fond of his engine that he was never tired looking at it, as it worked with regularity and almost with sublimity the enormous pumps. Stooping like a giant, down went the great lever or pump-handle; a moment's pause ensues, and then without an effort up is drawn the prodigious volume of water, which runs away like a small river. In the constant contemplation of this magnificent triumph of art, the mind of any one not lost to good-feeling, cannot fail to be elevated. At all events, George Stephenson experienced enviable sensations. Oh, that dear engine, how he did love it! to him, with its continuity and regularity of motion, it was like a living creature. As a mother fondles and dresses her child, so did George never tire fondling, dressing, and undressing his engine. It was not enough that he saw the outside of the mechanism. It became a kind of hobby with him to take her—a steam-engine is *her*—to pieces, and after cleaning and examining all the parts, to put her again into

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working-order. Then, what joy, when the steam is let on, to see her begin to move—to come to life, as it were—and to commence her grand pumping operations.

When the engine was going in excellent trim, and nothing was wrong with the pumps, there was little to do. The mechanism went on of itself, and required a look only now and then. Being so far an easy job for the engineman, there was time to spare. By way of occupying these idle minutes and hours, George began to model miniature steam-engines in clay, in which he had already some experience. It was a mere amusement, but it helped to fix shapes and proportions in his memory. While so engaged, he was told of engines of a form and character he had never seen. They were not within reach, but were described in books. If he read these, he would learn all about them. Alas! George, though now eighteen years of age, was still ignorant of the alphabet. He clearly saw that unless he learned to read, he must inevitably stick where he was. The knowledge of past times, and much of the busy present, was shut out from him. With these convictions, it is not surprising that our hero resolved to learn to read—in fact, to put himself to school, and so remedy, if it could be remedied, the neglect on this score of old Bob, his father.

Having settled in his own mind that he would go to school, cost what it might, George found out a poor teacher, named Robin Cowens, in the village of Walbottle, who agreed to give him lessons in the evening at the rate of threepence a week, a fee which he cheerfully paid. By Robin he was advanced so far as to be able to write his own name, which he did for the first time when he was nineteen years of age. To improve his acquirements, he afterwards, in the winter of 1799, went to an evening-school, kept by Andrew Robertson, a Scotch dominie, in the village of Newburn. Here he was advanced in a regular way to penmanship and arithmetic. But as there was not much time for arithmetical study during the limited school-hours, George got questions in figures set on his slate, which next day he worked out while attending the engine. And that was all the education in the way of schooling he ever got. Very imperfect it was in quality and extent, but it admitted him within the portals of knowledge, and getting that length, he was enabled to pick up and learn as he went on. The next event in his life was his removal, in 1801, to the Dolly pit, at Callerton, where he received somewhat higher wages, a point of some importance, for at this time the cost of living was very high. Perhaps it was owing to this dearth in food that George fell upon the expedient of devoting his leisure hours in the evening to the making and mending of shoes. Some may think that the craft of shoemaking was quite out of his way, but we have known several instances of shepherds and ploughmen being makers and menders of shoes in a homely style for their families, and therefore the 'gentle craft' is not so very difficult to learn as

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might be imagined. George Stephenson became a tolerable shoemaker, though he kept chiefly to cobbling or mending. If anything could have spurred him on, it was the desire to sole the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, and of these he is said to have made a 'capital job.' By means of his cobbling, he was able to save a guinea, which is recorded as being the nest-egg of his fortune. Of course, he never could have laid by so much as a guinea, had he, like most of his acquaintances, frequented public-houses and consumed quantities of beer. But no one ever saw him the worse of drink; and while others were soaking in taverns, or amusing themselves with cock-fighting and dog-fighting, he was at home, either trying to increase his sum of knowledge, or applying himself to some useful occupation which was in itself an amusement. His sobriety and industry had their reward. He was enabled to furnish a house decently, and to marry Fanny Henderson. The marriage was celebrated on the 28th November 1802, and the pair betook themselves to the neat home that had been prepared at Willington Ballast Quay, a place on the Tyne, about six miles from Newcastle.

Settling down as a married man, George continued to devote leisure hours to study or to some handicraft employment. From making and mending shoes, he proceeded to mend clocks, and became known among his neighbours as a wonderfully clever clock-doctor. It is said that he was led into this kind of employment by an accident. His chimney having gone on fire, the neighbours in putting it out deluged the house with water, and damaged the eight-day clock. Handy at machinery, and wishing to save money, George determined to set the clock to rights. He took it to pieces, cleaned it, reorganised it, and made it go as well as ever. There was a triumph! After this, he was often employed as a repairer of clocks, by which he added a little to his income. On 16th December 1803, was born his only son Robert, who lived to be at the head of the railway engineering profession. But before either George or his son could arrive at distinction, there was not a little to be done. As a brakesman, George had charge of the coal-lifting machinery at Willington, and subsequently at Killingworth, and in this department, as well as engineman, he gradually but surely gained the reputation of being an ingenious and trustworthy workman. At Killingworth, which is about seven miles north of Newcastle, he suffered the great misfortune of losing his wife. This sad blow fell upon him in 1804, with his son still an infant.

The next thing we hear of him is, that leaving his child in charge of a neighbour, he went by invitation to superintend an engine at some works near Montrose in Scotland, which journey, about a hundred and fifty miles, he performed on foot. Disagreeing after a short period with the owners, he trudged back to his home at Killingworth, bringing with him £28 as savings. One of the first things he did after his return was to succour his father, now an aged and

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blind man, whom, with his old mother, he placed in a comfortable cottage in his own neighbourhood. Again he followed the employment of brakesman at West Moor pit, and was continuing to save, when, in 1807, his small accumulations were in a moment wholly swept away. He was drawn for the militia, and every shilling he had saved was paid away for a substitute. To be thrust back into poverty in so hateful a manner almost upset his philosophy, and he strongly meditated emigrating to America. Fortunately, his spirits revived, and he held on his course. In addressing a society of young operatives many years afterwards, he referred as follows to this dark period in his life: 'Well do I remember the beginning of my career as an engineer, and the great perseverance that was required of me to get on. Not having served an apprenticeship, I had made up my mind to go to America, considering that no one in England would trust me to act as engineer. However, I was trusted in some small matters, and succeeded in giving satisfaction. Greater trusts were reposed in me, in which I also succeeded. Soon after, I commenced making the locomotive engine; and the results of my perseverance you have this day witnessed.'

It says much for Stephenson, that under pinching difficulties he did not only take care of his old parents, but gave his child as good an education as was in his power. The want of learning he had himself acutely felt, and this deficiency, if at all practicable, he wished to avert from his son. In one of his public speeches late in life, he observed: 'In the earlier period of my career, when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at nights, after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son.'

In 1810, an opportunity occurred for George Stephenson signalling himself. A badly-constructed steam-engine at Killingworth High pit could not do its work; one engineer after another tried to set it to rights, but all failed; and at last in despair they were glad to let 'Geordie' try his hand, though with his reputation for cleverness they did not expect him to succeed. To their mortification and astonishment, he was perfectly successful. He took the engine to pieces, rearranged it skilfully, and set it to work in the most effectual manner. Besides receiving a present of £10 for this useful service, he was placed on the footing of a regular engineer, and afterwards consulted in cases of defective pumping apparatus.

Although thus rising in public estimation, he still knew his deficiencies, and strove to improve by renewed evening studies. One of his acquaintances, named John Wigham, gave him some useful instructions in branches of arithmetic, of which he had an

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imperfect knowledge, and the two together, with the aid of books, spent many pleasant evenings in getting an insight into chemistry and other departments of practical science. His steadiness was at times sorely tried by the solicitations of neighbours in his own rank 'to come and take a glass o' yill;' but resolutions to be temperate and to save for the sake of Robert's education, enabled him to withstand tempters of all kinds. By dint of such reserve, he was able to save a hundred guineas, which, in consequence of the demand for bullion during the French war, he sold to money-brokers for twenty-six shillings each. At intervals in his ordinary labour, he employed himself in building an oven and some additional rooms to his cottage, which he likewise rendered attractive by a garden cultured with his own hands.

The year 1812 marked Stephenson's rise to the position of a colliery engineer and planner of machinery for working pits and wheeling off coal. Proprietors and managers began to entertain a high idea of his qualities, which were obviously not those of a pretender. Referring to this period, when in 1835 he gave evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons on accidents in mines, he said: 'After making some improvements in the steam-engines above ground, I was then requested by the manager of the colliery to go underground along with him to see if any improvements could be made in the mines, by employing machinery as a substitute for manual labour and horse-power in bringing the coals out of the deeper workings of the mine. On my first going down the Killingworth pit, there was a steam-engine underground for the purpose of drawing water from a pit that was sunk at some distance from the first shaft. The Killingworth coal-field is considerably dislocated. After the colliery was opened, at a very short distance from the shaft, they met with one of those dislocations, or dikes as they are called. The coal was thrown down about forty yards [or abruptly lay at that much lower level]. Considerable time was spent in sinking another pit to this depth. And on my going down to examine the work, I proposed making the engine, which had been erected some time previously, to draw the coals up an inclined plane, which descended immediately from the place where it was fixed. A considerable change was accordingly made in the mode of working the colliery, not only in applying the machinery, but employing putters instead of horses in bringing the coals from the hewers; and by those changes the number of horses in the pit was reduced from about 100 to 15 or 16. During the time I was engaged in making these important alterations, I went round the workings in the pit with the viewer almost every time that he went into the mine—not only at Killingworth, but at Mountmoor, Derwentcrook, Southmoor, all which collieries belonged to Lord Ravensworth and his partners; and the whole of the machinery in all these collieries was put under my charge.'



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Leaving George engaged in these useful pursuits, which were intermingled with scientific studies with his son, when he came home from school at Newcastle, we may take a glance at the beginnings of railways and locomotives. It is certain there were railways of a rude kind in England as early as the commencement of the eighteenth century. The rails were at first of wood, then the wood was shod with slips of iron, and lastly, they were altogether rods or bars of iron. These old railways, which were better known by the name of tramways, were devised for the transit of coals from pits, the carriages being deep wooden wagons pulled by horses. Strangely enough, there was a railway of this kind across the fields from the coal-pits of Tranent to the small seaport Cockenzie, when the battle of Prestonpans was fought on the ground in 1745—which line of rails, honoured by having been the site of Cope's cannon, still exists. Wherever there were coal or iron mines, these tramways were introduced; nor could they fail to get into use, for a single horse could draw upon them a load that would have required twenty horses on a common highway.

The credit of inventing a carriage moved by steam is due to Richard Trevethick, a Cornish tin-miner, and a clever but somewhat eccentric person. He made a steam-carriage to run on common roads or rails in 1802, and exhibited it in the metropolis. Improving on this, he, in 1804, completed a locomotive to draw coal on the Merthyr-Tydvil Railway in South Wales. It did its work well, drawing wagons with ten tons of iron at the rate of five miles an hour; but it was an ill-constructed machine, and having gone out of order, it was deserted by its inventor, and no more was heard of locomotives for some years. Next came the invention of Mr Blenkinsop, who planned a locomotive for coal traction, which was used on a railway from Middleton Collieries to Leeds, and could haul as many as thirty loaded wagons at a speed of three and a quarter miles an hour. What long kept the invention in this backward state was the erroneous notion, that unless the locomotive had wheels with cogs to pull against cogs in the railway, it would slip, and not get forward; and it was not until this fanciful idea was got rid of that much good was done with locomotive power. We may conceive that for about twenty years subsequent to 1812, there were many geniuses at work contriving improved locomotives, and among these none thought more diligently or deeply than George Stephenson. After a variety of experiments, he was satisfied that there would be sufficient adhesion in the wheels to overcome any tendency to slip: teeth or cogs were accordingly dismissed. In July 1814, he was able to begin running his locomotive, called the *Blucher*, on the Killingworth Railway. It was still only a coal-drag, and at best a clumsy apparatus, but it hauled eight loaded wagons weighing thirty tons, at about four miles an hour. This was undoubtedly a success; the thing could be done; yet, as the cost of working was

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about as great as that by horses, little was gained. There must be fresh trials. As by a flash of inspiration, Stephenson saw the leading defect and the method for curing it. The furnace wanted draught, which he gave by sending the waste steam into the chimney; and at once, by increased evolution of steam, the power of the engine was doubled or tripled. In 1815, he had a new locomotive at work, combining this and some minor improvements. Still, there was much to be done to perfect the machine. The cost of working was so considerable, that locomotive power did not meet with general approval; the fact was, that railways at this period were not so accurately finished as they now are, and smooth and easy running ought not to have been expected. It was only step by step that both rails and moving apparatus were brought to a comparatively perfect state.

At the Killingworth Colliery, Stephenson continued to plan his improvements, and also to advance in general knowledge in the society of his son, who, on leaving school in 1813, was placed as an apprentice to learn practically, underground, the business of a viewer of coal-mines; and in 1820 he went for a session of six months to the university of Edinburgh. The cost of this piece of education was £80, which the father could not well spare; but the prize for skill in mathematics which his son brought home with him at the end of the session was thought to be ample repayment. Acquiring a knowledge of railways, Robert was appointed to proceed to Columbia, South America, to superintend some railway operations. One day, previous to setting out, he dined with his father, and a young man named Dixon was of the party. An anecdote is related to shew the strong faith which George Stephenson at this time entertained regarding railway progress. 'Now, lads,' said he to the two young men after dinner, 'I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railways will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working-man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth.'

Stephenson's attention had frequently been drawn to the deplorable destruction of life in coal-mines by the explosion of inflammable air or fire-damp. As early as 1815, he devised a safety-lamp to guard against those accidents. As it was about the same period that Dr Clanny and Sir Humphry Davy invented their respective safety-lamps for the like purpose, it is not quite clear to whom the merit of

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the discovery should be assigned—though Stephenson's claim has been strongly insisted on. As this is not the proper place for debating the point, and, besides, as the matter is of inferior importance, we pass on to what is of real moment—Stephenson's perfecting of the locomotive; for on that his fame properly rests. Pursuing schemes of this kind, after parting with his son, his advancement was in no small degree owing to certain services in which he was engaged on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a concern greatly promoted by Mr Edward Pease, a man of property and intelligence in the district. The engineering of this railway was given up to Stephenson, and in some respects it became a model for railway works—the gauge of four feet eight and a half inches, which is now usually followed, having here been adopted in a regular manner in imitation of the old tramways. Already, a manufactory of engines had been set up at Newcastle, in which George Stephenson was a partner, and from this establishment three locomotives were ordered by the directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company; for in their act of parliament they had taken power to employ steam in the traction of goods and passengers. The opening of this the first public railway took place on 27th September 1825, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators. A local newspaper records the event as follows: 'The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages, and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near 90 tons. The engine, with its load, arrived at Darlington, a distance of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles, in 65 minutes. The six wagons loaded with coals, intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and obtaining a fresh supply of water, and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in 3 hours and 7 minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly 12 miles.' The drawing of about 600 passengers, as there appear to have been in the train, at the rate of four miles an hour, was thought very marvellous. A month later, a regular passenger-coach, called the *Experiment*, was placed on the line; it was drawn by a horse in two hours. The haulage of coal only was effected by the locomotive. It was evident that the making of engines was still in its infancy. Stephenson, at his manufactory, continued to carry out improvements, in which he was assisted by his son, on his return from South America in 1827.

When the project of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was before parliament in 1825, George Stephenson, in the face of no little browbeating from ignorant and interested opponents, gave good evidence respecting the practicability and safety of drawing passenger-trains with locomotives, though still speaking diffidently

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as to a speed of more than from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. Few things are more amusing than the real or affected incredulity of members of the legislature at this time as to railway transit, notwithstanding that the propulsion of coal-trains by locomotive power had been satisfactorily demonstrated. It is always, however, easy to find fault and to disbelieve; and the opposition which railways at first encountered, is no way singular. Stephenson's assertion during his examination before a committee of the House, that it would not be difficult to make a locomotive travel fifteen or twenty miles an hour, provoked one of the members to reply, that the engineer could only be fit for a lunatic asylum.

Parliamentary sanction once obtained, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company set to work upon their novel and important undertaking—novel, inasmuch as its scheme and magnitude exceeded all that had been previously attempted of a similar nature. Stephenson, who had already won a reputation, was appointed engineer, at £1000 a year, and a chief point determined on was, that the line should be as nearly as possible straight between the two towns. In the carrying out of this design, the series of 'engineering difficulties' was first encountered, the overcoming of which has called forth an amount of scientific knowledge, of invention, ingenuity, and mechanical hardihood unprecedented in the history of human labour. Hills were to be pierced or cut through, embankments raised, viaducts built, and four miles of watery and spongy bog, called Chat Moss, converted into a hardened road—all which was successfully effected.

The line being at length completed, the directors offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive that could be brought forward to compete in running on a certain day. It was stipulated that the engine should consume its own smoke; be not more than six tons in weight; and be able to draw twenty tons, including tender and water-tank, at ten miles an hour; be supported on springs, and rest on six wheels; must have two safety-valves; the pressure of steam should not exceed fifty pounds to the square inch; and the price of the engine was not to be above £550. Stephenson determined to compete, and built an engine called the *Rocket* for the purpose. The day of trial was the 8th of October 1829, when three engines were brought forward. Stephenson was there with his *Rocket*, Hackworth with the *Sanspareil*, and Braithwaite and Ericson with the *Novelty*. The test assigned was to run a distance of thirty miles at not less than ten miles an hour, backwards and forwards along a two-mile level near Rainhill, with a load three times the weight of the engine. The *Novelty*, after running twice along the level, was disabled by failure of the boiler-plates, and withdrawn. The *Sanspareil* traversed eight times at a speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour, when it was stopped by derangement of the machinery. The *Rocket* was the only one to stand the test and

satisfy the conditions. This engine travelled over the stipulated thirty miles in two hours and seven minutes nearly, with a speed at times of twenty-nine miles an hour, and at the slowest nearly twelve; in the latter case exceeding the advertised maximum; in the former, tripling it. Here was a result! An achievement so surprising, so unexpected, as to be almost incredible. Was it not a delusion?—had it been really accomplished?—and could it be done again?

The prize of £500 was at once awarded to the makers of the *Rocket*. Their engine was not only remarkable for its speed, but also for the contrivances by which that speed was attained. Most important among them was the introduction of tubes passing from end to end of the boiler, by means of which so great an additional surface was exposed to the radiant heat of the fire, that steam was generated much more rapidly, and a higher temperature maintained at a smaller expenditure of fuel than usual. The tubular boiler was indeed the grand fact of the experiment. Without tubes, steam could never have been produced with the rapidity and heat essential to quick locomotion. In more senses than one, the trial of the three locomotives in October 1829 marks an epoch. By burning coke instead of coal, the stipulated suppression of smoke was effected; the quantity consumed by the *Rocket* during the experiment was half a ton. The coke and water were carried in a tender attached to the engine.

On the 15th of September 1830 the railway was opened. The two great towns, with due regard to the importance of the event, made preparations for it with a spirit and liberality worthy of their wealth and enterprise. Members of the government, and distinguished individuals from various quarters, were invited to be present at the opening. On the memorable day, a train was formed of eight locomotives and twenty-eight carriages, in which were seated the eminent visitors and other persons present on the occasion, to the number of 600. The *Northumbrian*, one of the most powerful of the engines, took the lead, followed by the train, which, as it rolled proudly onwards, impressed all beholders with a grand idea of the energies of art, and of the power destined soon afterwards to effect the greatest of civil revolutions. At Parkfield, seventeen miles from Manchester, a halt was made to replenish the water-tanks, when the accident occurred by which Mr Huskisson lost his life, and tempered the triumph by a general sentiment of regret. The proceedings, however, though subdued, were carried out in accordance with the arrangements prescribed.

Business began the next day. The *Northumbrian* drew a train with 130 passengers from Liverpool to Manchester in one hour and fifty minutes; and before the close of the week, six trains daily were regularly running on the line. The surprise and excitement already created were further increased when one of the locomotives by itself travelled the thirty-one miles in less than an hour. Of the thirty

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stage-coaches which had plied between the two towns, all but one went off the road very soon after the opening, and their 500 passengers multiplied at once into 1600. In December commenced the transport of goods and merchandise, and afforded further cause of astonishment; for a loaded train, weighing eighty tons, was drawn by the *Planet* engine at from twelve to sixteen miles an hour. In February 1831, the *Samson* accomplished a greater feat, having conveyed 164½ tons from Liverpool to Manchester in two hours and a half, including stoppages—as much work as could have been performed by seventy horses.

There are many who will remember the wonder and excitement created by these results in all parts of the kingdom. The facts could not be disputed. Neither the laws of nature nor science could be brought to accord with the views of those who saw in the new agencies the elements of downfall and decay. Even the Company had gone surprisingly astray in their calculations. Believing that the greater part of their business and of their revenue would be derived from the transport of heavy goods, they had set down £20,000 a year only as the estimated return from passenger traffic; and scarcely a week had passed before they became aware of the fact, as agreeable as it was unexpected, that passengers brought the greatest return. The whole number conveyed from the time of opening to the end of the year—three months and a half—was more than 71,000. This line, as is well known, now forms part of that vast system, the London and North-western Railway.

These successes placed George Stephenson in an eminent position in the engineering world. He was sought after for various undertakings; the business with which he was connected at Newcastle increased; and, in short, he was, as far as worldly consideration and circumstances are concerned, a 'made man.' His steadiness, perseverance, and skill had been acknowledged and rewarded. He and his son further perfected the locomotive, which he lived to see running at upwards of forty miles an hour. In 1837, he removed to Tapton Hall, a residence near Chesterfield, and in 1840, he intimated his design of retiring from his more active professional pursuits. He, however, did not subside into idleness or indifference; but gave time to various railway matters, and took pleasure in attending public meetings of mechanics' institutes. It was a great day for him the 18th of June 1844, when the first train came without break from London to Newcastle in the space of nine hours. At the festival on that day at Newcastle to signalise the event, all eyes were turned on old George Stephenson, when in reply to a complimentary speech of Mr Liddell, M.P., he gave the following brief but interesting account of his career.

As the honourable member has referred to the engineering efforts of my early days, it may not be amiss if I say a few words to you on that subject, more especially for the encouragement of my

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younger friends. Mr Liddell has told you that in my early days I worked at an engine on a coal-pit. I had then to work early and late, and my employment was a most laborious one. For about twenty years, I had often to rise to my labour at one and two o'clock in the morning, and worked until late at night. Time rolled on, and I had the happiness to make some improvements in engine-work. The company will be gratified when I tell them that the first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth Colliery. The owners were pleased with what I had done in the collieries; and I then proposed to make an engine to work upon the smooth rails. It was with Lord Ravensworth's money that my first locomotive was built. Yes, Lord Ravensworth and his partners were the first gentlemen to intrust me with money to make a locomotive. That was more than thirty years ago; and we first called it "My Lord." I then stated to some of my friends, now living, that those high velocities with which we are now so familiar would, sooner or later, be attained, and that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand; but nobody would believe me at that time. The engines could not perform the high velocities now reached, when they were first invented; but, by their superior construction, an immense speed is now capable of being obtained. In what has been done under my management, the merit is only in part my own. Throughout, I have been most ably seconded and assisted by my son. In the early period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I felt how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that I would put him to a good school. I determined that he should have as liberal a training as I could afford to give him. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labour was done. By this means I saved money, which I put by; and, in course of time, I was thus enabled to give my son a good education. While quite a boy, he assisted me, and became a companion to me. He got an appointment as under-viewer at Killingworth; and at nights, when we came home, we worked together at our engineering. I got leave from my employers to go from Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington for a like purpose; and I finished both railways. After that, I went to Liverpool to plan a line to Manchester. The directors of that undertaking thought ten miles an hour would be a maximum speed for the locomotive engine; and I pledged myself to attain that speed. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross on the concern! It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour; but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place

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myself in the most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself, or even to make them understand my meaning. Some said: “He’s a foreigner.” “No,” others replied; “he’s mad.” But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased; great improvements were made in the locomotive; until to-day, a train which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to meet again many faces with which I am familiar, and which I am exceedingly pleased to see once more.’

Besides planning several railways after this period, and giving evidence respecting projects of this kind before parliamentary committees, Stephenson several times visited the continent to be consulted respecting lines of railway; on one of which occasions he had an interview, along with his friend Mr Sopwith, with the king of the Belgians. He likewise continued to be a prominent man at public demonstrations connected with the opening of railways; one of the latest of these festivities being at the opening of the Trent Valley line in June 1847, when he was complimented by Sir Robert Peel, and compared by him to Julius Agricola, the maker of Roman roads in Britain. George was now accustomed to the language of compliment from classes of men who formerly treated his theories with derision. In replying to Sir R. Peel’s flattering remarks, he could not refrain from noticing this change of sentiment. ‘When,’ he said, ‘I look back to the time when I first projected a locomotive railway in this neighbourhood, I cannot but feel astonished at the opinions which then prevailed. We were told, even by celebrated engineers, that it would be impossible ever to establish railways. Judge, then, how proud must now be the feelings of one who, foreseeing the results of railways, has risen from the lower ranks on their success! I may venture to make a reference to what the Right Honourable Baronet said relative to Julius Agricola and a direct line. If Julius Agricola laid down the most direct lines, it must be recollected that he had no heavy goods-trains to provide for, and gradients were of no consequence. The line that general took was probably very good for his troops, where the hills would serve to establish his watches; but such lines would be in no way applicable at the present day, where the road is covered with long goods-trains propelled by the locomotive. What we require now is, a road with such gradients that locomotives shall be able to carry the heaviest loads at the least expense. The Right Honourable Baronet will excuse me if I say, that to have a line that is direct is not the main thing. Had he studied the laws of practical mechanics as I have done, he would doubtless have regarded good gradients as one of the most important considerations in a railway.’ This last remark has



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been amply verified. Railways are now made with gradients which would not formerly have been attempted; but the heavy expense incurred on account of fuel and tear and wear of machinery to overcome the ascents, forms a serious deduction from revenue.

At home, in the close of his days, George Stephenson occupied himself with his birds and other animals, for which he had a great fondness; nor did he take less pleasure in his garden and the rearing of flowers and vegetables. Occasionally, he visited the scenes of his youth among the collieries about Newcastle, at all times taking an interest in the welfare of the workmen, and never feeling ashamed of recognising old acquaintances. Though often invited to the houses of persons of distinction, he acknowledged he had no wish to figure in what he called fine company. It is said that he was beset by projectors of all kinds for the sake of his advice; and that the young likewise besought his counsel as to their proposed professional career, which he gave always cheerfully, except when these youthful aspirants were affectingly dressed, and put on airs contrary to George's notions of propriety. To a young applicant of this stamp, his candour was probably not very agreeable, but may have been salutary. 'I hope you will excuse me; I am a plain-spoken person, and I am sorry to see a nice-looking, and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I should not have been where I am now.'

With this love of simplicity, and universally respected, George Stephenson closed his useful career. He died 12th August 1843, aged 67. In the preceding sketch, we have touched merely on the chief incidents in his Biography, which we commend for perusal in either of the admirable works composed by Mr Smiles.\* The mantle of George Stephenson fell on his son, Robert; and how he added lustre to the family name is well known. Besides several great railway undertakings, of which he was engineer, he designed the High Level Bridge across the Tyne at Newcastle, the Conway and Britannia Tubular Bridges in North Wales, and that still more magnificent work of art, the Tubular Bridge, nearly two miles in length, across the St Lawrence at Montreal—in all which works, however, he was ably assisted by subordinates; nor should it be omitted that to William Fairbairn of Manchester is generally imputed the invention of the tubular system of bridge-building. In 1844, he entered parliament as member for Whitby. This distinguished son survived his father only eleven years. He died in 1859, aged 56, and was honoured with a public funeral and interment in Westminster Abbey. If the traveller by railway wishes to see a lasting monument to George and Robert Stephenson, he has only to look around!

\* *Life of George Stephenson*, by Samuel Smiles, 1 vol. 8vo. *Story of George Stephenson*, a lesser work for popular use.

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### THE ORPHAN TWINS OF BEAUCE.

**A**S the traveller from Paris pursues his way southwards through the central part of France towards Orleans and the beauteous river Loire, he has occasion to pass across the great plain of Beauce. This is a wide tract of country, very level in surface, and being generally fertile, it is entirely under culture, and is plentifully dotted over with villages, in which reside the farmers and others who are engaged in rural occupations. In France there are few farmhouses standing by themselves surrounded by fields, as in England. Those who cultivate the soil reside, for the greater part, in dwellings elustered together in villages, where an agreeable society is formed among the general inhabitants.

The villages in the plain of Beauce are of this kind. Each is a little community of an industrious body of agriculturists, and the tradesmen required to supply their various wants. Every village has a church, an old gray edifice, whose turret may be seen for a great distance on the plain; and a number of these church towers, from being so conspicuous, form stations for telegraphs. The traveller, therefore, as he passes along, may occasionally observe the arms of a telegraph busily at work on a steeple, and in that way helping to convey intelligence across the country between Paris on the one hand, and Marseilles, on the borders of the Mediterranean, on the other.

Each church in this, as well as in other parts of France, is provided with a curé. These curés are a humble and diligent class of clergymen, labouring in their sacred vocation for a very small salary; and from their kindliness of manner, as well as their serviceableness in giving advice, in cases of emergency, to the members of their flocks, they are very generally beloved in their respective neighbourhoods.

In Artenay, one of these peaceful and industrious villages, not many years ago, there lived a humble artisan, Jules Asselin. Jules was a journeyman wheelwright by profession; he made wheels for the cars which were employed by the farmers in carrying their produce to market in Orleans. These carriages would be thought

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rude in construction by those who are acquainted with the fine large wagons of England ; because, besides being clumsy in fabric, they are frequently drawn only by cows or oxen, yoked in pairs by the forehead. Yet they carry large burdens of field produce, and answer very well for the wants of the people. Jules Asselin had regular employment in the making of wheels for these vehicles ; and as he was a sober, industrious, and tender-hearted man, fond of domestic happiness, it may be supposed that he was married, and dwelt in a cottage in the village.

It was a pleasure to see the small patch of green or meadow at Artenay, on the occasion of any summer or autumn festival. While the elder cottagers sat at their doors enjoying the sunshine and the scene of gaiety before them, the younger members of the rural community danced in groups on the village-green to the merry strains of a violin, played by a native musician. At these scenes of festivity, as is remarked by strangers passing through the country, everything is conducted with much decorum. The people are happy, and relieve the gloom that might creep upon their existence by a light-hearted gaiety ; a portion of every festival-day, in fine weather, being devoted to the dance and the gleesome song.

At one time mingling in such festivities with neighbours, Jules Asselin and his wife now principally looked on as spectators from the bench at their cottage door ; and their pleasure was greatly increased when their two children, Genevieve and Maurice, were old enough to play in the open air around them. These children were regarded with more than ordinary affection. They were twins, and, though differing in sex, bore a remarkable resemblance to each other in features, and also in dispositions.

‘How thankful to God should we be,’ said Jules Asselin one day to his wife Lisette, ‘that He has given us two such good and healthy children. What a blessing it is to a poor man to be spared seeing his infants pining and sickly, or, what is worse, possessed of bad tempers and dispositions !’

‘We should indeed be grateful,’ replied Madame Asselin. ‘I have never seen them a moment ill since they were babies, though I fear Maurice is scarcely robust enough for a working-man, which of course he must be. He, as well as his sister, however, are considered the most orderly children in the village ; and Monsieur, the curé, was only the other day observing to me, that their mutual attachment was quite charming—— But, dear Jules, I think you have suddenly looked melancholy. What is the matter ?’

‘Nothing, Lisette ; I was only thinking.’——

‘You were only thinking ! Well, tell me your thoughts. You know you should have no secrets from your little wife.’

‘Well, then, dear, a sort of feeling came over me ; I felt a little distressed as to what would come of these little creatures should Providence remove us from our present earthly scene.’

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'Oh, Jules, don't talk so ; it makes me so very melancholy. You know we are both young yet, and I see nothing against our living many years. Let us hope the best at anyrate, and in the meantime do our duty. You remember what the good curé said one day in his sermon—what a great thing it is for a man to know, but how much greater to perform his duty ! And if any man does his duty to his family, I am sure you do. Come, cheer up, dear Jules.'

'I will. It was a mere passing notion ; but now, that the thing occurs to my mind, I am resolved to do my best to give Maurice and Genevieve a good education. They shall go to school as soon as they are able to understand instruction, and I will take all the care I can to train them up at home. I will myself teach Maurice drawing and a love of art.'

'Oh, delightful ! and I will teach Genevieve to sew and spin, and be a nice housewife. And how pleasant it will be to be all together in the winter evenings round the stove ; and perhaps we shall try to sing in parts the chanson, "When swallows return in early spring," or "The tender Musette," or some other pretty country song.'

Thus Jules Asselin and his wife Lisette would picture to themselves visions of domestic felicity ; and until the twins were nine years of age, everything went on according to their wishes. Who, however, can tell what a day may bring forth ? One morning Jules proceeded to his work as usual ; in the evening he lay stretched on his bed a lifeless corpse. A scene of joy was suddenly a scene of mourning. Poor Jules was killed by the overturning upon him of a carrier's loaded wagon, the wheel of which he had been called on to repair. The accident was universally mourned throughout the district. All felt acutely the loss of so worthy a man, and were distressed for the fate of the unhappy Lisette and her interesting twin children.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come single. Lisette, a naturally impulsive being, was overwhelmed with the blow, and was in a situation which rendered it doubly afflicting. The shock was too great for her to bear. In three days she lay stretched a lifeless form beside her faithful Jules, and both were buried in one grave.

This second disaster still more excited the sympathy of the neighbours in favour of the twins, now orphans in helpless childhood. The master-wheelwright who had employed Jules, bound in some respects by duty, but still more by a benevolence of disposition, resolved that he would henceforth be a father to the orphans, and take them home to live with his own family—a species of adoption common enough in the villages of France, where the dwellers beneath their thatched roofs consider themselves as the natural guardians of the orphans left among them without home or support.

Briefly must five years be passed over, during which Maurice was instructed in his father's trade, and his sister Genevieve made herself useful in all possible ways to the new parent beneath whose eye they

grew up lovingly together. But their protector, too, was taken from them by death ; and the son who succeeded him in the workshop did not, alas ! inherit with it his father's considerate tenderness for the poor twins. The boy he tasked beyond his strength, and exacted from the girl such humiliating drudgery, that even gratitude to their benefactor could not long reconcile them to slavery with his successor.

Abundance of employment could have been found for the orphans separately ; but to live apart had become to them a thought more formidable than any extent of privation together. To work for weeks, perhaps, at distant farms, and leave Genevieve to the mercy of strangers, seemed to Maurice deserting both duty and happiness ; while, if Genevieve plied her late mother's skill with some village sempstress, the idea of who would care for Maurice, make ready his simple meals, and keep in order his rustic wardrobe, would haunt her to a degree which made remaining asunder impossible.

Together, then, like two saplings from one parent stem, which the force of the blast but entwines more inseparably, did the orphans struggle on through increasing hardships, until a rich farmer, compassionating their condition, and moved by their rare attachment, once more opened to them a joint home, on terms which, since one roof was to shelter them, they were too much overjoyed even to inquire into.

Here, for two more happy years, the lad found on the extensive farm ample employment—now in his original vocation, making and mending the agricultural implements of the establishment, now as a willing sharer in the labours of the field ; while the care of the poultry, and all the miscellaneous duties of a farm in France, lent robustness to the frame of his cheerful sister. A passing smile or shake of the hand through the day sufficed to lighten its toils to both ; and to sit together over the fire, or on some sunny bank at its close, was an extent of happiness they never dreamt of exchanging.

But the 'course of true love'—even when hallowed, as here, by the sweetest ties of nature—seldom long 'runs smooth.' Harvest—in Beauce a season of peculiar activity and importance—was progressing amid the most strenuous exertions of old and young ; and Maurice, always earliest and latest in the field, though not gifted with a robust, had yet an agile frame, was eagerly engaged in a sultry afternoon in placing before an impending storm, the crowning sheaf on an immensely high stalk, when one more vivid flash than ordinary of the lightning, which had long been playing along the unenclosed corn-fields, struck the exposed pinnacle to which the poor lad clung, and hurled him down, breathless and senseless among the pile of sheaves collected for a fresh stack below.

When the other workmen, many of them stunned by the same shock, gathered round their late fellow-labourer, they at first concluded him to be dead. A faint sigh undeceived them ; but his eyes, when they opened, rolled vacantly round, and vainly did he attempt

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to utter a word. By feeble signs he pointed to his head as the seat of some fatal injury, of which no external trace could, however, be descried; but the effects of it were manifest in his limbs, which, on their attempting to raise him, bent utterly powerless beneath his weight, and he again fainted away.

It was a sad and sobered group who followed to the farm the wagon containing the well-nigh lifeless body of their light-hearted young comrade. But how powerless are words to describe the state of his sister, when the brother on whom she doted was brought home to her more dead than alive—how she suppressed the first burst of uncontrollable agony, to sit on the bed to which she had helped to lift him—his poor head resting on her bosom, her eyes fixed on her darling twin, in long and vain expectation of some sign of returning life!

Faint tokens came at last to reward her; but the glance of the slowly-reviving one rolled wildly around, without resting on anything, till it met the fixed one of Genevieve, when a scarce perceptible smile crossed the pale lips of the sufferer. 'He knows me!' exclaimed the fond girl. 'God has spared him to me, and will yet grant me to be the means of restoring him by my care and kindness. We were born together, and together I feel we must live or die!'

The well-known voice found its way to the inmost heart of poor Maurice; fain would he have spoken a word of love and comfort in return, but his paralysed tongue refused its office. All he could do was to point, with a feeble hand, to his forehead, and express by faint signs, that there was the seat of the malady. The most skilful physician of the district, after an hour of unremitting attention, came to the conclusion that paralysis had, for the present, affected both the head and lower limbs, but that the favourable symptom of his being able to point to the former gave hopes that consciousness and reason would soon be fully restored.

And when, at the end of a week, the poor fellow stammered forth a few broken words, the first of which were 'Genevieve' and 'sister,' who can tell her joy to be thus called on by the companion of her birth. To think he would no longer be a breathing mass, without the power of expressing a thought or a feeling, seemed reward enough for all her nights and days of anxious watching by his side. Since he had begun to speak, he would, no doubt, soon regain the use of his limbs. His arms got daily stronger, and to the precious word 'sister' he would by degrees add the welcome ones 'dear girl,' 'my help,' 'my comfort,' and the yet more affecting request that she would 'take pity on him.'

'Oh yes, yes!' she would eagerly answer; 'God will take pity on us, and let me make you well by dint of care and kindness.' But if, as she thus spoke, she inadvertently kissed a little more fervently than usual the sick head which rested on her faithful bosom, the screams of the poor sufferer, and convulsive fits on the slightest

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pressure, revealed the unchanged cause of his continued helplessness.

The doctor, once more summoned, pronounced the debility of the lower limbs all but hopeless ; and the severe winter of 1823 was passed by the twins in a state more easily to be imagined than described. Genevieve devoted all its long nights, and every moment she could snatch from her work through the day, to the couch of the unfortunate cripple, who, though resigned to his own condition, yet prayed to be released by death from being a burden to all around him—to the sister especially whose youth and strength he was wasting, and whose every prospect in life he felt blighted by the calamity which had overtaken his own early career.

‘Do you wish *me* dead when you speak so, Maurice?’ she would sobbingly reply to these heart-rending lamentations. ‘Do you think I could stay upon earth if you go and leave me? I sometimes think I *am* going too, for my poor head throbs, and my limbs bend under me at times, almost like yours.’

‘I well believe it,’ the poor cripple would reply ; ‘but it is all fatigue. You take no rest either by day or night!’

‘Oh, never mind that ; God has given me strength to work, and the hope of seeing you at work again at your old trade keeps me up. Never lose heart, brother dear ! You’ve seen the corn beat flat many a time and oft by the wind and rain, yet half a day’s brisk breeze and sunshine set it all up again finer than ever !’

These encouraging words from the most sensible, as well as most loving of sisters, had the effect of making the poor lad at times look forward to possible recovery ; and to keep up his industrious habits and neatness of hand, he amused himself ere long in his chair with bits of ingenious workmanship ; among others, a little model of a four-wheeled wagon on springs, in which it was his utmost ambition to be drawn by some of his comrades to church or the village green on the evening of a holiday, to witness, since he could not share in, the sports of his rustic neighbours.

His sister, who was in the secret, and had furnished all that was required for the construction of the pet model of a carriage, had her own views on the subject, which were, that it should be drawn by no one but herself. And, harnessed in what was to her a complete car of triumph, she was able, after repeated trials, to fulfil her brother’s darling wish, that he should attend, on Easter Sunday, the parish church of Artenay, about a mile distant from the farm. The only difficulty (at least in the eyes of the delighted girl) was, how to get her brother—unable to endure, without agony, the slightest jolt—over the roughly-paved village street leading to the church ; but so completely had her devoted conduct won on her fellow-servants and their master, that the whole distance (a considerable one) was found by dawn on the eventful day so thickly covered with straw, as to obviate the slightest injury to the invalid. From nine in the

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morning the church path was lined with inhabitants of the village thronging to sympathise with the happy girl, who, though declining to yield to any one the honour of drawing her brother—a task which she accomplished with a skill and gentleness none other could have shewn—was yet astonished and bewildered by the admiring looks and congratulations pressed on her by her kind-hearted neighbours.

The part, however, of the whole scene which went straight to her heart, and touched it most deeply, was the distinction publicly conferred on her by the worthy curé himself, who, pointing her out to his parishioners as a pattern of Christian charity and sisterly affection, and bestowing on the interesting pair his warmest benediction, said to her in a voice of paternal kindness: 'Take courage, my daughter; God approves of and protects you.'

It was agreeable to poor Genevieve to have these words of commendation and hope addressed to her; not that she required such prompting to do her duty, but because they assured her that her conduct was worthy of esteem. Her sisterly affection was therefore strengthened by the sympathy expressed by the curé, and she felt herself repaid for her days and nights of toil and anxiety. How much more, however, was she repaid by the tearful glance of the brother for whom she had suffered so much; and by his fervent prayers that she might be rewarded by Him who had put it into her heart so to befriend him! One result only she felt could fulfil such a petition, and something whispered to her it would not be denied. But spring had passed away without any marked amendment in the patient's condition. May had come, and well-nigh gone, and with it the hope that fine weather might do something for the invalid; and, resigned at length to his fate, the young paralytic bade adieu for life to all idea of regaining the use of his limbs.

One evening when, as usual, his indefatigable sister had drawn him to the scene of rural festivity beneath the old elms at the entrance of the village, he was accosted by an old soldier lately come on a visit to a relation in the place, who, after closely questioning Maurice regarding his infirmity, gave him in return the important information, that, in consequence of a splinter from a shell at the battle of Eylau, he had himself been two years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, and subject to spasms in the head, which had nearly bereft him of reason. Of the various remedies prescribed, none, he added, had the slightest success, till sea-bathing, persevered in for a whole summer—plunging in head foremost, and allowing the natural *douche* afforded by the successive waves to play freely, as long as strength permitted, on the affected part—had at length effected a cure. 'I was carried to the sea-side in a half-dying state,' said the old corporal, 'in a litter lent me by my colonel. At the end of a fortnight, strength and appetite began to return, and with them my spirits and hopes of a complete recovery, which took place in the course of three months after. At first I could only



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walk on two crutches, then I threw one away, and on the 3d of September (a day I shall never forget) I walked, without so much as a stick, a good half mile from the town to visit a couple of old friends. Back I came, still on foot, to finish my course of the baths; and within three weeks after, I was on the top of a coach for my own country as hale and hearty as you see me before you at this moment.'

'And where, on earth, are these precious baths to be had?' asked the cripple with eager interest.

'At a place called Boulogne, a seaport town, some two hundred and fifty miles from hence.'

'Two hundred and fifty miles! If I must go so far to be cured, I am pretty sure of remaining ill to my dying day.'

'Try and get conveyed there, my good fellow,' said the kindly veteran, 'and I'll be answerable for your entire recovery.'

'What! to get back my poor legs and return to my trade, and be able to gain my own bread and help my sister! No, no!—such happiness is not for me!' exclaimed the desponding lad.

'There, now, my young friend, you are losing hope. You are like many people who cannot believe in any cure till they see it performed. Why be so confident in disbelieving the efficacy of sea-bathing? I have known many a poor sickly being braced up by it besides myself. I am no doctor; but you are young, and I can see no reason why you may not get rid of this feebleness, which is perhaps only a sort of disorder of the nerves—a thing bad enough, no doubt. Come, come, cheer up, Maurice; I was, I tell you, radically cured at fifty. Why give way to despair?'

'But you don't consider the impossibility of my going in any sort of carriage, even the smoothest voiture, when I faint dead away, or go into fits at the slightest jolt. No, no!—it is the will of God that I should remain a cripple to my life's end, and I only pray He may be pleased to shorten it for my own sake and that of others.'

During this conversation Genevieve was an attentive listener; and had the speakers been less engrossed, they must have read on her countenance the lines of deep determination. She took aside the old soldier, to obtain from him the minutest particulars about the wonder-working baths, their proper season, and precise distance, and the easiest and least expensive route by which they might be reached; and no sooner was her plan matured, than she hastened to put it in execution.

The affectionate girl, overlooking all possible difficulties, had actually resolved to draw her brother in his little cart all the way from the centre of France to Boulogne. It was while sitting beside Maurice, and beholding his infirmities, that she had come to this resolution; and her emotions found vent in tears. Having explained her plans, Maurice was satisfied. Both hearts were full, and a long embrace gave vent to feelings unutterable in words.

Genevieve, as may be observed from these traits of character, was

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not a girl to be turned from her purpose. Possessed of a strong and decisive mind—despising all thoughts of self in a case of such emergency, trusting in God and her own good intentions—she hastened, as we have said, to put her plans in practice.

Genevieve had made up her mind to start on her toilsome pilgrimage on the 3d of June, the birthday of the twins, on which they had never missed visiting for religious exercises the little chapel of St Genevieve, situated a league from where they lived, on the road to Tours. Early on the morning of this anniversary—the sun already shining out cheerily on the plain of Beauce, and the road lined on each side with shady trees—the heroic Genevieve drew her brother along with the apparatus she had prepared for the purpose.

Let us pause a moment to describe this remarkable means of conveyance. It was not without such precautions as her simple wisdom could suggest, or her slender purse afford, that Genevieve had arranged her paraphernalia for the journey. The low carriage, somewhat rude in construction, and mounted on four wheels, was sheltered overhead by a species of canopy, under which Maurice, helpless in his lameness, could recline as on a bed. A leathern strap, a gift from the village saddler, was provided as a harness of draught, when the difficulties of the road rendered such an addition to the ordinary hand-rope necessary. A change of light easy shoes replaced on her feet the clumsy *sabôts*, or wooden shoes of the country, and a gleaner's ample straw-hat served to ward off the scorching rays of the sun. While Maurice was dressed in his Sunday suit, Genevieve prudently retained her working attire; but a small bundle, which otherwise would have told tales, containing her holiday dress, to be assumed on arriving at their place of destination, was disposed as a pillow in the carriage.

Thus provided for the journey, they proceeded along the road towards the chapel, Genevieve, in her speed at the outset, finding vent for her highly-excited feelings.

'Dear Genevieve, not so fast! not so fast! You'll be out of breath before we reach the chapel; you'll kill yourself with the exertion.'

'True, dear brother! I was forgetting that we have *some* way to go. I will be more cautious in future; and you must tell me when you would like to rest.'

Suiting her pace to the words, and looking ever round to inquire if her brother felt the least inconvenience, the twins arrived about seven o'clock in the chapel, Maurice nowise fatigued, and Genevieve, heated and tired as she was, but too happy to find herself thus far on her road. Having drawn her brother's vehicle under the porch of the little rustic shrine, and listened devoutly to the matin service performed by a gray-headed chaplain, Maurice observed his sister to remain prostrate, engaged in praying with extraordinary fervour, while big tears coursed each other down her cheeks. Her feelings being relieved, and her resolution strengthened by these acts of

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devotion, she addressed herself to her task. The road northward across the plain of Beauce was taken. The journey was begun. Fain would we follow in all its interesting details the itineraries (unexampled perhaps in the world's history) of the twin travellers from the very centre of France to one of its furthest extremities; but a few only of its leading incidents must suffice to give an idea of the whole.

Along the planted sides of the great high-roads and the level plains, their progress, though slow, was steady: halting for the heat of the day under the trees at the entrance of some hamlet, which afforded the needful supplies; while at nightfall, the humblest decent shelter their slender means could command was sought and generally obtained. To avoid large paved villages, and yet more formidable populous towns, was often a tax on the maiden's ingenuity; yet never, save once (at Etampes), was she compelled—by the impossibility of elsewhere crossing two intersecting streams—to consign to strangers' hands her precious charge, and have her brother carried on a handbarrow from one end to the other of the town.

From hence her forward path was beset with new and unforeseen obstacles. The district is now opened up by a railway between Paris and Orleans; but there was no such convenience at this time, and if there had, how should the poor twins have been able to pay for its use? They were therefore compelled to take the ordinary route, which abounds in steep hills, up which the strongest horses find difficulty in dragging their customary loads. No wonder, then, if Genevieve well-nigh sunk under hers. Her feet had become so blistered that she was forced to leave off shoes; and being constantly obliged to stop and take breath, she made but little way: yet, after every such halt, the agony of her brother in witnessing her distress would make her resume her task with a cheerful smile.

It was not till after twelve days' weary march, during which she had to climb the hills of Arpajou, Long Jumeau, and Bourg la Reine, that they arrived at the village of petit Mont Rouge, near Paris, where they found in the hostess, the widow of an artillery officer killed at Waterloo, an almost maternal friend. The good woman burst into tears on witnessing one of her own sex so dutifully yet painfully employed—lavished on both travellers the kindest attentions—procured for poor Genevieve (whose chest the strap had begun cruelly to lacerate) a new and more comfortable one—and insisted on her taking a few days' rest; while the misgivings of her brother regarding a delay, the cause of which was carefully concealed from him, were obviated by the kind landlady's positive refusal to make the slightest inroad on their slender stock of coin. On parting, she embraced, with mingled admiration and regard, the recruited wayfarer, and assured her of the ultimate success of her enterprise, which could only she said, have been dictated by express suggestion from on high.

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Cheered by this friendly farewell, Genevieve once more donned her harness—avoided, as directed, the city of Paris, by keeping the line of the new boulevard and Champ de Mars—crossed the Seine in a boat, and, late at night, arrived at St Denis, where a less hospitable reception, alas! awaited the poor travellers. A party of gay young sporting men from town, dining in the hotel, chose to consider Genevieve as an adventuress, and her brother as an impostor, and insulted them accordingly; and while the innocent girl, choking with indignant surprise, was equally unwilling and unable to reply, Maurice, writhing on his seat from inability to chastise such insolence, exclaimed: ‘Miscreants that you are! the best proof that I am a cripple is my not having the power to punish you as you deserve.’

This burst of honest feeling only provoked fresh insults from the giddy crew, to escape from whom Genevieve, in spite of her fatigue, insisted on removing her dear invalid from the inhospitable shelter of the inn to one beneath the canopy of heaven, where the tired girl laid herself down at her brother's feet, her head resting on his knees, and their hands twined together like the branches of the old plane-tree above them; and the fine serene midsummer night was passed by both in peace and safety.

The only other untoward incident which marked the remaining journey was a thunder-storm in the forest of L'Isle Adam, which brought back on the poor sufferer from a similar visitation a return of his frightful convulsion fits. During its continuance, the poor girl—holding her brother's head on her bosom, her hand fast held over his eyes to shield them from the lightning, sheltering him from the rain, as best she might, with her own body—put up the most piteous prayers to Heaven that she might not thus far have led him only to fall a victim to a second catastrophe—adding the natural, and in her case almost pardonable wish, that if the blow were again to fall, it might in death unite them!

Her fears were not, happily, realised; the storm passed off, leaving the wayfarers unscathed. A three days' fever, however, occasioned by alarm and neglect of her own soaked garments, detained them at their evening's quarters; and Beauvais, the half-way house of their arduous journey, lay yet a good way beyond.

It was reached at last after twenty-two days' march, during which three of the five gold pieces so carefully husbanded had melted away. Fresh courage and economy then became necessary to save the high-minded twins from the humiliation of asking alms; and volumes might be written on the hardships, and difficulties, and privations of the remaining half of the pilgrimage. The country in the neighbourhood of Boulogne being hilly, Genevieve found the draught of the carriage more toilsome than it had been for a week before. In England, probably, under such circumstances, she would have received some assistance from empty return vehicles, but in France there is little general traffic on the public roads. A heavy diligence

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under the charge of a heartless conducteur, or a heavily-carrier's cart, are almost the only vehicles bound for long journeys which are met with, and from these she had nothing to expect.

As the poor girl drew her car up the last ascent towards Boulogne she became giddy with fatigue and mental emotion. In a few minutes she was told she would see the wide open sea, with perhaps the white cliffs of Angleterre in the distance.

'Oh, how delightful it will be, Maurice ; I will open the canopy of the car to let you have the first glimpse of the sea, which neither of us have ever seen before.'

And when she reached the brow of the eminence, there surely was the sea stretched out, a vast sheet of water, with the white cliffs of England faintly pictured on the horizon. Boulogne, also, with its lofty church spire, was seen in a hollow bay on the coast—the goal of long-cherished hopes. The sensations of the pair on beholding the scene mock description. Maurice, though little less delighted at an event which seemed to him scarce short of a miracle, would have urged on his sister a halt ; but, then, to pause within reach of her object was impossible, and with quickened step she gained the gates of the town. Her first inquiry was how to reach the baths, and the way by which she was directed to them lay along the shore ; when the grand and novel spectacle of the gently-undulating ocean recalled to the twins the wide-waving cornfields of their native country.

Beneath the shade of an overhanging rock they encountered a group of elegant ladies of different nations awaiting the proper time of tide for repairing to the baths. All gazed with interest on the cripple and his conductress ; and when, in answer to their inquiries from what village in the neighbourhood the kind girl was bringing him, he took her by the hand, and, with the eloquence of gratitude, told whence they came, and what she had done for him, the farm-girl of Artenay appeared in their eyes as an angel come down from heaven, whom they felt half tempted to worship, and whom they carried in triumph, sounding her praises to all they met, to the bathing establishment.

Its worthy proprietor received the orphans with all his native goodness of heart, thanked Heaven that they were thrown upon his benevolence, and immediately entered on its active exercise, by consigning Maurice, with as many recommendations as if he had been a sovereign prince, to the skill and attention of two of his most experienced bathing-men.

The twins were established in commodious lodgings, and loaded by the awakened interest of the bathers with everything necessary for their comfort. After ten or twelve dips, a degree of irritability began to be felt in the feet of the patient, which quickly ascending to the knees, called forth the doctor's most favourable prognostics. And how did the heart of Genevieve leap responsive to the happy

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omen! how thankful did she feel for her own courage and perseverance! And how did her fond brother pour out to her his mingled joy and gratitude, when, by degrees, he could move this or that portion of his crippled limbs, and at length—happy day for both—was able to mount, like his friend the old soldier, a couple of crutches. His first use of them, it may be believed, was towards his sister; and never did mother more fondly hail the tottering efforts of her first-born, than Genevieve, receding playfully to lure him on, and crying, 'Courage, brother! a few steps more!' received him at length in her outstretched arms, mingling tears and caresses with fresh thanksgivings for so blissful a consummation.

Boulogne is pre-eminent among the seaports of France for its fine stretch of sands, which are the daily resort of bathers, many of whom come from Paris and other parts of the interior, as well as English from the opposite coast. These sands were a favourite resort of the twins. Carrying a seat almost to the edge of the waves, Genevieve led her brother to it, and here he inhaled every day the refreshing breezes which played along the surface of the ocean. At other times she would move with him to a sheltered spot inland, where he could have the benefit of milk procured from a farm dairy, and a change of atmosphere.

With these attentions, and an unremitting attendance at the baths, where the salt-water douche continued to prove of the greatest efficacy, Maurice gradually gained strength. At first he could walk on his crutches only a few steps, then a greater distance, and after awhile he accomplished a mile and sometimes two miles. He was now able to perambulate the streets, and to be amused with the shops; in these excursions leaning on his sister's arm, and occasionally resting when a seat presented itself. In their walks through the town, Maurice and Genevieve found themselves the objects of respectful interest. Their mutual affection had become generally known, and what Genevieve had done for her brother was a theme of universal praise. In their rambles through the town, therefore, they were frequently addressed by name, while many would point them out in passing, and say, 'There go the twins of Beauce.'

When September was past, and the sea-bathing season over, the cure of Maurice was so far completed that he talked of returning homeward, and for that purpose modestly asked the worthy bath-keeper to advance him a small sum, to be faithfully repaid out of his own and his sister's first earnings. This loan, however, was not necessary. The day before that fixed on for their departure, a deputation from the youth of every rank in Boulogne waited on Genevieve Asselin, inviting her to receive on the morrow, at a civic feast, the tribute so richly earned by her sisterly devotion. The poor girl thought it a dream when thus summoned to enjoy honours reserved in her simple ideas for persons of rank alone; and could scarce comprehend when assured that it was the very obscurity of

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her station which enhanced her merit, and made her worthy of being thus honoured.

Next day six young ladies came in two carriages to conduct the twins to the spot called Tivoli, in the upper town, where preparations had been made for a fête in commemoration of the purest and most persevering virtue. There the simple timid girl of Beauce, in the garb she had brought from her native village, was crowned with white roses, and at the end of the banquet presented by the spokeswoman of the young women of Boulogne with a purse containing fifty gold pieces, as a willing contribution from sisters of her own sex, justly proud of one who had reflected upon it such unfading lustre.

How the unconscious heroine blushed and resisted ; how the sum—one she had never so much as dreamed of possessing—was forced upon her ; how she honourably flew to discharge with it her debt at the baths ; but, thanks to their owner's liberality, brought it undiminished away—may be left to the reader's fancy. He may be pleased, however, to learn, that by the physician's advice Maurice exchanged his intended walk home for an inside seat beside his sister in the diligence, on the top of which he insisted on fastening his beloved wagon ; that a few days were spent in seeing Paris, which they had once so painfully passed, and in visiting the kind hostess of Mont Rouge, who had acted towards them the Samaritan's part ; and that, availing themselves of a return-vehicle for Orleans, they reached it late on a Saturday night.

About the hour of ten next morning, just as its inhabitants were proceeding to church, Maurice appeared, now drawing, in his turn, up the street leading to the church, his blushing sister, half-smothered with the flowers showered upon her by the whole closely following population of her native village.

The good priest, apprised of their happy return, caused the brother to lead his sister to the foot of the altar, and founding on this living text a most affecting exhortation to Christian charity and fraternal love, and again blessing the maid he held out as a pattern to all around, alluded, in a voice faltering with emotion, to his former words of encouragement, asking, 'Said I not truly, daughter, that the God who approved would protect you ?'





## CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

**I**NSTANCES of children having been left by accident or by unnatural parents to perish in solitary places, are unhappily to be met with in various eras of social history. Sometimes the infants thus exposed have, by some extraordinary means, been preserved, and have lived in a savage condition till found by chance and brought within the pale of civilisation. It has occasionally happened that beasts usually remarkable for ferocity have nurtured them until strong enough to subsist upon roots, berries, and other fruits. Children found under such circumstances have always been regarded with interest. Though painful to the last degree to behold a human being possessing all the characteristics of a wild beast, yet it has been pleasing and instructive to watch the gradual development of their faculties, and the growth of their moral sentiments. It is our purpose in this paper to record some of the most prominent of these cases, detailing the more interesting at length. Many accounts of wild children—for example, that of Valentine and Orson—are doubtless fabulous: it has been our care, however, to select such as are well authenticated.

There is no instance on record which excited more curiosity, especially in England, than that of a child who was known as

### PETER THE WILD BOY.

At the beginning of the last century, a great sensation was created by the accidental finding of a wild boy in a German forest, to whom  
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the above name was afterwards given. The earliest account of him is to be found in a letter from the Hanoverian correspondent of the *St James's Evening Post*, published December 14, 1725. 'The intendant of the house of correction at Zell,' says the writer, 'has brought a boy to Hanover, supposed to be about fifteen years of age, who was found some time ago in a wood near Hamelin, some twenty miles hence. He was walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees.' The young savage was brought to George I., who was at that time residing in Hanover. The king was at dinner, and some food was offered the youth, which he rejected. His majesty then ordered him such meat as he liked best; and raw food having been brought, he devoured it with a relish. As he was unable to speak, it was impossible to learn how he was first abandoned in the woods, and by what means he existed. Great care was taken of the boy by order of the king; but, despite the vigilance of those who had charge of him, he escaped in less than a month to the woods. Every species of restraint had been evidently irksome to him, and he availed himself of the first opportunity of freedom that occurred. The woods in the neighbourhood of Hanover were diligently searched, and at length he was discovered hiding in a tree. The boldest of his pursuers were unable to reach him, for as fast as they attempted to climb, he pushed them down, so great was his strength. As a last resource, they sawed down the tree; luckily, it fell without hurting its occupant, and he was once more captured.

Early in the following year (1726) George I. returned to England, and Peter was brought over also. His appearance in London excited intense curiosity. The public papers teemed with notices of his conduct and appearance. On arriving at the palace, a suit of blue clothes was prepared for him; but he seemed very uneasy at wearing apparel of any sort, and it was only restraint that would induce him to wear it. Various colours and descriptions of costume were meantime provided, and at length his taste appeared to be gratified by a strange dress, thus described by a correspondent to an Edinburgh newspaper, April 12, 1726: 'The wild youth is dressed in green, lined with red, and has scarlet stockings.' By the same account, we find that he had been taught to abandon the use of his hands in walking, and to move about in an erect posture. 'He walks upright,' says the same authority, 'and has begun to sit for his picture.' On his first arrival, no inducements could persuade him to lie in a bed, and he would only sleep in a corner of a room.

When in presence of the court, Peter always took most notice of the king, and of the princess his daughter. The scene was so novel to him, and he so strange an object to those who saw him, that many ludicrous scenes took place, which are humorously related by Dean Swift in his amusing account 'of the wonderful

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wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted, and taken in toils; how he behaved himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726.' From the droll character of the dean, he may be suspected of having overdrawn his account of the wild boy; but we have carefully compared it with the current newspapers of the time, and find that in the main particulars he is correct.

It appears that, after residing many months within the pale of civilisation, the boy was unable to articulate words. He expressed pleasure by neighing like a horse, and imitated other animal sounds. The king placed him under the tuition of the celebrated physician of that day, Dr Arbuthnot, by whose instructions, it was hoped, the boy would, after a time, be enabled to express himself in words. On the 5th July 1726 he was baptised, at the doctor's house in Burlington Gardens, by the name of 'Peter.'

All attempts to teach this boy to speak were unavailing; and it was several years before his habits were at all conformable to civilised society. Finding this impracticable, the king caused a contract to be made with a farmer in Hertfordshire, with whom he was sent to reside, and who put him to school; but without any visible improvement. Instead of eating the food provided at the farm table, he preferred raw vegetables, particularly cabbage leaves; though he was not long in acquiring a taste for wine and spirits. His habits were far from steady: he was constantly running away from home, and cost his protector some trouble in reclaiming him. On one of these excursions, he was arrested, on suspicion of being a spy from the Scottish Pretender, whose army was then invading England. As he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them where to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees. He took great delight in climbing trees, and in being in the open air when the weather was fine; but in winter, seldom stirred from before the fire.

After twelve years' residence in Hertfordshire, Peter was removed to the care of another farmer in Norfolk, where he resided during the rest of his life. In the beginning of June 1782, Lord Monboddo, the author of *Ancient Metaphysics*, visited the half-reclaimed 'boy,' for by that title he was designated even in his old age. He then resided at a farmhouse called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhamstead. The pension which George I. had granted was continued by his successors, George II. and George III. 'He is,' says his lordship, 'low of stature, not exceeding five feet three inches; and though he must now be about seventy years of age,

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he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard. His face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which is characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors.'

Peter had always been remarkable for his personal strength; and even in his old age, the stoutest young countrymen were afraid to contend with him in athletic exercises. To the last, his passion for finery continued; and anything smooth or shining in the dress of a visitor instantly attracted his attention. 'He is,' remarked a correspondent of Lord Monboddo, 'very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fireplace would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place. He is extremely good-tempered excepting in cold and gloomy weather; for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked; but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bedclothes, to which it was long before he was reconciled. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shewn any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did. Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything that can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart: the latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully occupied in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.'

Nothing further can be gleaned respecting 'Peter the wild boy,' except that he did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at Broadway farm in February 1786, at the supposed age of seventy-three.

More interesting than the history of Peter the wild boy, is that of

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### MADEMOISELLE LEBLANC.

One evening in the autumn of 1731, the villagers of Soigny, near Châlons, in the north-east of France, were engaged in a little festival, or *ducasse*, when their merriment was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a wild animal in human form. Its hair was long, and floated over its shoulders. The rest of the form was black, and nearly naked, and in the hand was wielded a short thick club. The terrified peasants mistook it for an evil spirit, and not daring to attack it themselves, let loose a huge dog, having a collar surrounded with iron spikes, which they kept for the protection of the village against marauders. The strange figure, so far from flying, stood at bay, and awaited the attack of its assailant without a sign of fear. The dog, furiously set on by the peasants, made a sudden spring at the intruder's throat; but one violent and dexterously dealt blow from the cudgel laid the beast dead on the spot. The wild creature then turned, crossed the fields at a rapid pace, and, darting into the forest whence it had at first emerged, climbed a tree with the activity of a squirrel. The villagers were too frightened to follow it, and all traces of the alarming visitor were lost for several days.

Meanwhile the proprietor, or *seigneur*, of the estate of which Soigny formed a part, having heard of the adventure, caused search to be made in every part of the wood; but without effect. In about a week, however, one of his servants perceived in the orchard of the château during the night a strange-looking figure mounted on a well-laden apple-tree. The domestic, having more courage than the villagers, approached the tree stealthily; but ere he could reach it, the creature sprang into another, and passing from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, at length escaped from the orchard, and fled to the summit of a high tree in a neighbouring grove. The servant awoke his master, who instantly arose, ordered up all his household, and sent one to the village to desire the assistance of some of the peasants. They all assembled at the foot of the tree, determined to prevent the escape of this singular being, which made every effort to conceal itself amidst the foliage, though without being able wholly to escape observation.

The villagers at once recognised it as the 'evil spirit' who had killed their dog, while the Seigneur de Soigny was able to distinguish that the creature resembled a young girl, and explained, to quiet the fears of the peasants, that she was in all probability some unhappy maniac who had escaped from confinement, and whom thirst (for the weather was oppressively warm) had driven from her haunts in the forests.

They continued to watch all that night and part of the following day, when Madame de Soigny proposed that a pail of water should be placed at the foot of the tree, and that the people should retire,

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so as to induce the maniac to descend. The stratagem succeeded. After some hesitation the creature came down, and eagerly approached the pail to drink, which she did like a horse—plunging her face into the water. The bystanders immediately rushed forward to secure her; but did not without much difficulty. Both her fingers and toes were armed with long and sharp nails, and she used them with great address and perseverance against her assailants; but after some trouble, they captured and conveyed her to the château.

She was taken into the kitchen. It happened that the cook was preparing some fowls for the spit; and on seeing them, the girl broke away from her captors, seized, and, though raw, devoured them with avidity. It was evident, from the quantity she ate and the eagerness with which she swallowed it, that she had not tasted food for a long time. Her appetite once satisfied, she looked around, and without betraying any lively signs of curiosity at the surrounding objects, evinced by her actions and countenance that they were quite strange to her. She appeared to be from twelve to thirteen years of age, and the blackness of her skin arose partly from constant exposure, and partly from dirt. She uttered no articulate sounds, but occasionally made a loud and unpleasant noise with her throat.

Monsieur de Soigny and his wife were for some time at a loss to know what to do with their extraordinary guest. During the rest of the day, she manifested the utmost impatience at the restraint she was placed under, and shewed every desire to escape to the forest. At night, she refused to eat the food which was offered her, because, probably, it had been cooked; and could not by any inducement be persuaded to lie on a bed. All attempts to clothe her were equally useless.

By dint of management, however, and constant attention from Madame de Soigny and her household, the young wild girl became gradually reconciled to her new state. Her repugnance to clothing and to dressed food was gradually overcome, and after the lapse of a month, it was found practicable to allow her to range about the château unattended; for her desire to escape appeared to have left her. In a little time longer, it was thought advisable to take her out of doors; for the sudden and complete change in her mode of life was injuring her health. This was rather a hazardous experiment, and her host took care to be well attended while accompanying her. The moment she got into the fields, she set off, running with a speed which was truly astonishing, and not one of the party could keep up with her on foot; but De Soigny being on horseback, managed to keep her within sight. After a time, she came to the brink of a small lake. Here she stopped, and, divesting herself of her clothes, plunged into the water. Her host began to dread she had endeavoured to escape from him by self-destruction;

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but on arriving at the pond, he was gratified to find her swimming about with the greatest ease and dexterity. Soon, however, his fears were again awakened, for she dived and remained under water so long, that he gave her up for lost. He was in the act of preparing himself for an attempt to save her, when to his relief she again appeared on the surface, gracefully shaking the water from her long hair. As she approached the shore, something was perceived in her mouth which glistened in the sun; and on coming out of the water, De Soigny was astonished to find that, during her long dive, she had employed herself in catching a fish, which she devoured on the shore. Having resumed her apparel, she returned home peaceably with the domestics, whom they met on their way back.

It was long before the girl could be taught to make articulate sounds, which was the more singular, as there was scarcely any of the noises peculiar to a forest which she could not imitate. She occasionally amused her new companions by copying the cries of wild animals and of birds so exactly, that there was no difficulty in recognising the beast or bird she was imitating. The song of the nightingale, however, was beyond her powers, for she never attempted to imitate that. From all these facts, it was concluded that she was not, as at first conjectured, an escaped maniac, but some unfortunate being who had been abandoned in infancy, and had managed to subsist in the woods in a perfect state of nature.

Great pains were taken to teach her to speak, and after much perseverance, they were crowned with success. It was noticed that, as she improved in speaking, the feelings and ideas belonging to her early habits left her; and it was unfortunate that, in proportion as her ability to communicate her early history increased, new feelings and new mental resources impaired her memory of her old way of life. Still some of the most important facts connected with her former existence she retained; the most striking and interesting of them being the one which led to her capture.

All that she could remember, when able to speak well enough to be understood, was, that she had lived in the woods as long as her memory could trace, with, up to a very recent period, a companion about her own age, supposed to have been a sister. Of her parents, her recollections were extremely indistinct. The idea she communicated regarding them was something like this: That they lived near the sea-shore, and collected sea-weed for manure. In the winter, she and her companion covered themselves with the skin of some animal they had previously slain for food; but in the summer, they had no other covering than a girdle. To this she suspended the only weapon she ever possessed—the short strong cudgel with which she so promptly slew the village watch-dog. In speaking of this cudgel, she invariably applied to it the word which signifies a wild boar's snout (*boutoir*), to which in shape it had some remote

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resemblance. It was to her an important weapon, for with it she killed such wild animals as afforded her sustenance. One remarkable but not very pleasing trait in her past history was her fondness for blood, and particularly that of hares. Whenever she caught a hare, she did not kill it at once, but opening a vein with her sharp nails, sucked the blood and threw away the carcass. This fondness for hares' blood did not wholly leave her in after-life.

Of her companion she remembered nothing except her death. They were swimming together, as near as could be understood, in the river Marne (which gives the name to the department in which the wood of Soigny is situated), when a shot from the gun of a sportsman—who perhaps mistook them for water-fowl—passed close to them. They instantly dived, and having swam for some distance under water, escaped into a part of the forest which was supposed to have been near to some village. Here they happened to find something (whether a chaplet or string of beads, could not be sufficiently made out), which each wished to possess. In the struggle that ensued, the sister inflicted a sharp blow on the wild girl's arm, which was returned on the head with a stroke from the 'boutoir,' with so much violence, that she became, in the words of the narrator, 'all red.' This excited her sorrow, and she ran off to seek some remedy. It was difficult to make out the nature of the intended remedy; still it was clear that some curative means was known to the young savage; but whether gum obtained from a tree, or the skin of a frog bound to the wound with strips of bark, could not, from the confused nature of the recital, be ascertained. Be that as it may, on her return to the spot where she had left her sister weltering in blood, she could nowhere find her. Her grief was now redoubled, and she sought every part of the wood in vain; nor did she relax her search till coming suddenly upon the villagers at Soigny, whither she had wandered in the hope of quenching her thirst. The rest of her story is known. Her companion was never heard of more; and it was thought that she must have been dragged away by a wolf to his den, and there devoured. The accident happened, as near as could be computed, about three days before the capture of the survivor near the château.

In a very few months the fame of Monsieur de Soigny's strange inmate spread to Châlons, and thence to Paris. De Choiseul, bishop of that diocese, went expressly to Soigny to see her, and inquire into every particular concerning her. The result was, that he caused her to be removed into a convent. It must be owned that the inhabitants of the château were not displeased at the change. The wild girl, despite her improvement, cost them much fear and anxiety. Her temper was ungovernable and easily roused, especially when within sight of, or when spoken to by, any of the male species, for whom she from the first entertained a decided aversion. This was the chief reason for the bishop recommending

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her to be transferred to a convent, where none of the male sex would cross her path to vex her.

Once within the walls of her new abode, the wild girl was immediately baptised, but by what Christian name we have not been able to ascertain, the only title given to her from that period having been *Mademoiselle Leblanc*. The secluded nature of the place had no effect in taming her wild temper, so that low diet and frequent bleedings were resorted to. This treatment not only had a most prejudicial effect upon her health, but renewed her desire to return to the woods. Indeed, it was remarked that the more she was subjected to privation and restraint, the more forcibly her savage propensities returned. On one occasion, she shewed that her thirst for living animals had not wholly left her. A young lady, of a very blooming and sanguine complexion, who resided at Châlons, had a great curiosity to see her, and was seated at dinner when she was introduced. There happened to be a chicken at table, and *Mademoiselle Leblanc's* eyes appearing wild and excited, the young lady offered her a wing; but the girl refused it, and trembling with excitement, said with savage simplicity: 'No, no, it is not that; it is you I want.' As she said these words, she appeared so very much inclined to seize the young lady, that her attendant removed her by force.

During the confinement of the wild girl in the convent, the queen of Poland passed through Châlons on her way from Paris, on purpose to see her. Her majesty had the bad taste to order a sort of exhibition, in which the girl performed all her savage tricks; she was made to howl as she was wont in the forest, and a live hare was actually brought her to suck to death. This exhibition had nearly terminated fatally, on account of her invincible dislike to men. One of the queen's officers was silly enough to make some jesting approach to her. In an instant she seized him by the throat, and would assuredly have strangled him, but for the interference of the bystanders.

After having remained some years in the convent, she became an object of such great curiosity to the Parisians, that M. de la Condamine, the celebrated member of the Academy of Sciences, was commissioned to make a journey to Châlons to inquire into the particulars of the wild girl's life. On seeing her, and hearing her story, he determined to remove her to Paris for the purpose of placing her in some religious house in that city. On arriving, however, it was found that her health was so severely impaired, that the discipline of a monastic institution would be far from beneficial. Condamine, therefore, having succeeded in raising by subscription a fund for her support, provided an asylum for her near Paris, and proper persons to attend her. Towards the latter portion of her existence, few traces of the savage state in which she was found in *Soigny* remained; at all events, if any existed, the ill health in



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which she spent the latter days of her life prevented her from manifesting them. She died at Paris in the year 1780, forty-nine years after her capture by Monsieur de Soigny, and in about the sixty-second year of her age.

### VICTOR, THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

Towards the end of the year 1798, a child who appeared to be about eleven or twelve years of age, and who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune, in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted, was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them. They carried him to a neighbouring village, where he was placed under the care of an old woman, from whom he, however, found means to escape before the end of the week, and fled to the mountains, where he wandered about during the winter, which was uncommonly severe, without any clothing but a ragged shirt. At night he retired to solitary places, but in the day approached nearer the houses and villages. He thus passed a roving life, till at length he voluntarily took refuge in a house in the canton of St. Sernin. After being kept there two or three days, he was sent to the hospital of St. Affrique, whence he was removed to Rodez, where he remained several months. During his abode in these different places, he always seemed to be wild, impatient of restraint, and capricious, and constantly intent on getting away.

How he was originally abandoned, no one ever discovered; but from certain scars on various parts of his body, he was thought to have escaped from the terrors of the Revolution, during which so many cruelties were perpetrated. From the testimony of the country-people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve, which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune. When he was first taken into society he lived on acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequently near escaping, and at first exhibited great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another; and his voice was imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way.

But despite all these disadvantages, the young savage was by no means destitute of intelligence. During an intercourse of six weeks with society, he had learned to prepare his food with a great degree of care and attention. M. Bonaterre informs us that, during his

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stay at Rodez, his employment was shelling kidney-beans, and that greater discernment could not have been shewn by a person the most accustomed to the employment. As soon as the pods were brought him, he fetched a kettle, and arranged his materials in the middle of the apartment in the most commodious manner possible, placing the kettle on his right hand, and the beans on his left. The shells he opened, one after the other, with admirable dexterity, putting the good grains into the kettle, and throwing away the bad; and if any grain happened to escape him, he took it up and placed it with the others. He formed a separate heap of the empty shells; and when his work was finished, he filled the kettle with water, and placed it on the fire, on which he threw the empty husks, to increase the heat.

In the year 1799 he was removed to Paris, and placed in the deaf and dumb institution, under the care of Madame Guerin and the superintendence of M. Itard, physician to the asylum. Beneficial results, from M. Itard's judicious treatment in exciting the dormant faculties of the strange patient, shewed themselves in three months' time. The touch by that time appeared sensible to the impression of all bodies, whether warm or cold, smooth or rough, soft or hard. The sense of smell was improved in a similar way, and the least irritation now excited sneezing. From the horror with which he was seized the first time this happened, it was presumed that it was a thing altogether new to him. The sense of taste was improved in a still greater degree. The articles of food on which he subsisted for some time after his arrival in Paris were excessively disgusting: he dragged them about his room, and ate them out of his hand, besmeared with filth. So great was the change which had taken place in this respect, that he now threw away the contents of his plate if any particle of dust or dirt had fallen upon it; and after he had broken his walnuts with his foot, he cleaned them in the most careful manner.

His new habits, and the tenderness that was shewn him, at length began to inspire the youth with a fondness for his new situation. He likewise conceived a lively attachment for his governess, which he would sometimes testify in the most affectionate manner. He could never leave her without evident uneasiness, nor meet her again without expressing his satisfaction. Once after he had slipped from her in the streets, on again seeing her he burst into tears. For several hours he appeared much dejected, and Madame Guerin having then gently reproached him, his eyes again overflowed with tears. As in all similar cases, the endeavours to excite the faculty of speech were almost futile, and never advanced him beyond the capability of uttering a few exclamations and unimportant words. Neither did his sense of hearing improve much.

Some traits this boy exhibited were amusing. 'When fatigued,' says a contemporary account, 'with the length of the visits of

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inquisitive strangers, he dismisses them with more frankness than politeness, presenting to each, but without an air of contempt, their cane, gloves, and hat, then pushing them gently towards the door, which he shuts after them with great violence. This kind of language Victor understands, when employed by others, with the same facility as he uses it himself; and his readiness in this respect is truly astonishing, for it requires no previous instruction to make him comprehend the meaning of signs which he has never seen before.'

### CASPAR HAUSER.

Of all the cases of abandoned children, none ever created a greater sensation than that of a youth who was left at the gate of the city of Nuremberg, in Germany, so recently as 1828.

On the Whit-Monday, which happened in that year on the 26th May, a citizen who lived at Unschlitt Place, near the little frequented Haller gate of Nuremberg, was loitering before his door between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when he remarked at a little distance a young man in a peasant's dress. He was standing in the singular posture of a person endeavouring to move forward, without being fully able either to stand upright, or to govern the movement of his legs. On approaching, this singular stranger held out a letter directed to the captain of the 4th squadron of the 6th Regiment of Bavarian Light Horse. As this person lived near to the new gate, the citizen assisted the crippled youth to his house. On the door being opened, and the servant inquiring the applicant's business, it was evident that he did not comprehend the inquiry. His own language was little else than unintelligible sounds, mixed with tears and moans; but, with difficulty, the following words were made out: 'Reuta wähn, wie mei votta wähn is' ('I will be a rider or trooper, as my father was'). He was taken for a kind of savage; and as the captain was from home, he was conducted to the stable, where he stretched himself on the straw, and soon fell into a profound sleep. Upon the return of the captain, it was with great difficulty that he could be awakened. When fully conscious, he gazed intently on the officer's glittering uniform, which he seemed to regard with childish satisfaction, and instantly groaned out 'Reuta,' &c. The captain then read the letter, which was from an unknown hand, wishing that the youth should be received into the captain's troop of light horse. It was written in German; but enclosed was a memorandum in Latin, which the writer of the letter declared he had received when the boy, then a baby, was left at his house on the 7th of October 1812. The memorandum ran thus: 'The child is already baptised. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father was one of the light horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light

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Horse, for there his father also was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen years old. He was born on the 30th April 1812. I am a poor girl, and cannot support him. His father is dead.'

Neither of the epistle nor the enclosure could the captain make anything, and consequently handed his extraordinary visitor over to the police, which was done by about eight o'clock in the evening. When in the guard-room, in which were several inferior magistrates and police soldiers, he betrayed neither fear, confusion, nor astonishment. He continually cried, and pointed to his tottering feet; and this, joined to his childish demeanour, excited the pity of the officials. A soldier brought him a piece of meat and some beer, but he rejected them with abhorrence, partaking simply of bread and water, which he appeared to do with a relish. The usual official questions of 'What is your name? Whence came you? Produce your passport?' were put to the youth in vain. The magistrates began to suspect that he was playing a part, and this suspicion was soon greatly confirmed. A bystander proposed trying if he could write; and pen, ink, and paper were placed before him, which appeared to give him pleasure. He took the pen in his hand, by no means awkwardly, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, began to write! He slowly and legibly traced the words 'Kaspar Hauser.' All was doubt and uncertainty. It was doubtful whether he ought to be treated as an idiot or an impostor. However, for the present, he was removed to the place appropriated to rogues and vagabonds—a tower near the guard-house. During this short way he sank down, groaning at almost every step. Walking seemed to be not only painful, but a motion with which he was quite unacquainted. Soon after entering the small apartment allotted to him, he lay down on a straw-bed, and slept soundly.

A close scrutiny of this strange being's attire increased the astonishment. It consisted of a peasant's jacket over a coarse shirt, a groom's pantaloons, and a white handkerchief marked 'K. H.' The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of coloured rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and several religious tracts. An examination of his person presented new grounds for surprise. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands; but were covered all over with blisters, which fully accounted for the pain which walking seemed to give him. His gait was that of a child learning to walk in leading-strings; indeed he could not walk at all without assistance. To account for this, his knees were attentively examined, when it was found that the joint, instead of being a protuberance when the leg was straightened, formed a sort of hole or depression; while at the back, his hams so nearly touched the ground, that a common playing-card could scarcely be thrust between.

After a time, Caspar was no longer kept in the tower, but was admitted amongst the family of the prison-keeper, Hiltel, of whose

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children he seemed very fond. About a fortnight after his arrival, he was visited by a young college professor, Daumer, who eventually, with the concurrence of the city authorities, took Caspar to his own home to educate him. The professor soon discovered that his mental powers only required attention to become cultivated. He soon was able to speak intelligibly; and the first use to which he put his new accomplishment, was to make a deposition before the burgomaster of Nuremberg. Not to cause him embarrassment, however, Mr Binder, the burgomaster, abandoned legal forms, and had Caspar to his house, so as to get him to converse freely, and without restriction, concerning his previous history. From these conversations he drew up a document, of which we give an abridgment. Caspar declared that he knew not who he was, nor where his home is. As long as he can recollect, he had constantly lived in a sort of hole, which he sometimes called a cage, where he always sat upon the ground, with his back supported in an erect posture (this was fully corroborated by the state of his knees). The only human being he had ever seen, up to the time of his arrival in Nuremberg, was 'the man,' as he said, 'with whom I have always been;' whose face he had never seen. He knew no difference between day and night; but whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Shortly before his removal, 'the man' placed a small table over his feet, and spread something white upon it (paper), he put a kind of stick between his fingers (proved to have been a lead pencil), and guided his hand in making black marks, which pleased him very much. The man came every day to guide his hand; and by imitating the marks thus made, after the man was gone, Caspar learned, it would seem, to write his name. As to speaking, all he was ever taught to say was 'Reuta,' &c. Finally, the man came one day, placed his hands over Caspar's shoulders, and carried him on his back out of his prison, and made him try to walk; but 'it became night'—that is, he fainted with the effort; and at last he brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

This extraordinary account increased the mystery. The story of Caspar spread not only over Germany, but throughout Europe. Many thought him an impostor. He was examined by the faculty, by law-officers, and by every competent person who imagined they could find a clue to the mystery. Meanwhile he continued under the tutorship of Professor Daumer, and made very great improvement; though his new state of existence was extremely distasteful to him, and he longed to go back to 'the man with whom he had always been.' He suffered from headache. The operation of his senses, from their extreme acuteness, gave him pain rather than pleasure. He soon learned to talk like a child, for his memory was very good. As an instance of it, Dr Osterhausen, an eminent physician, gave him a nosegay, naming the different flowers: several days afterwards, other flowers were brought him, and all of

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the same kind as those which composed the former nosegay he named correctly. At an early stage of instruction, he exhibited a great love of order, and was extremely obedient. In short, he in less than a year became nearly reconciled to his new position, and was allowed to go about with little restraint.

On Saturday, 17th October, Caspar was the subject of an extraordinary and nearly fatal event. He was accustomed, daily between eleven and twelve, to leave Professor Daumer's house to attend a ciphering class; but on the above day, not feeling well, he was desired to remain at home, while his host went out to take a walk. A little after twelve, Daumer's sister was sweeping the house, when she observed on the stairs several spots of blood and bloody foot-steps. These marks she traced along the passage to a closet, and there, to her horror, beheld a large quantity of clotted blood. She instantly called her mother. In great alarm, they sought Caspar in his chamber, but he was not to be found either there or in any other part of the house. The marks of blood being more carefully traced, were found to lead to a cellar door. This was opened, and after a time Caspar was found within, to all appearance dead, with a large wound across his forehead. The servant-maid and the son of the landlord had now joined them, and Caspar was removed to his chamber. He appeared to breathe, and presently gave a deep groan, saying with difficulty: 'Man! man!—mother tell professor—closet;' he could say no more, for he was seized with a strong ague; after which he lay senseless for forty-eight hours. In his delirium, he murmured at various times: 'Man came!—don't kill me—I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you too—don't kill—why man kill?' He was assiduously attended by the medical officer of the city jurisdiction, and under his hands gradually recovered. When strong enough, the judicial authorities caused him to be examined as to his misfortune. From his deposition,\* it appears that, while in the closet, to which he had occasion to retire, he heard footsteps softly treading the passage, and presently the head of a person masked appeared. In an instant he received a severe blow on the forehead, which felled him to the ground: he fainted, and did not completely recover his senses till found in the cellar. How he got there, he was unable to remember correctly, but thought that he must have been left for dead; and, coming to a sort of half-consciousness, had crawled thither, partly from fright, and partly from having mistaken his way to Mrs Daumer's chamber.

This new circumstance redoubled public curiosity respecting Hauser. Some deep and diabolical mystery hung over him. It was evident that those who sent him to Nuremberg had been disappointed in his not becoming at once absorbed in the ranks of the

\* It may be well to observe, that all the depositions respecting this extraordinary case are still preserved in the police-court of Nuremberg.

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army, and were afraid lest the attention of the public which he had excited would lead to the discovery of his origin. To prevent this, his murder must have been planned and attempted. These machinations were, however, on this occasion frustrated, for the wound was not so serious as to prevent his complete recovery. He resumed his studies, and pursued them with so much success, that he was not to be known in company from any other young man who had been brought up under ordinary circumstances. His temper was good, and his manners gentle and amiable.

While with Professor Daumer, he became an object of great interest to Earl Stanhope, who wished to have the entire charge and expense of his future education. With this view, Caspar was removed by that nobleman to Anspach, and put under the care of an able schoolmaster. After a time, he was found competent to undertake an official situation, and he received the appointment of clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal. It was Lord Stanhope's plan to accustom him, whilst filling this situation, to the ordinary business of life ; with the view of bringing him eventually to England, and of adopting him as his foster-son. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 14th of December 1833, Caspar Hauser, while returning from his official duties at mid-day, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him the secret of his origin, if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post ; he took Caspar aside, and, without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had sufficient strength left to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words, when he immediately fainted, and, after relating the circumstances of his assassination, died on the 17th of the same month. Every expedient which the police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has not yet been divulged.

This history is so strange and mysterious, that its authenticity would be open to many doubts, but for the unquestionable respectability of our informant, and the notoriety of the facts at the time.





## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

'Not a flower  
 But shews some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
 Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
 The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.  
 Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds  
 Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,  
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
 In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God.'—COWPER.

### WILD-FLOWERS.



BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!  
 That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,  
 Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—  
 Or where by hoary rocks you make your fields,  
 And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—  
 I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem  
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,  
 Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;  
 And I can image you, as in a dream,  
 Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—  
 I love ye all!



SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth  
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem :  
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,  
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,  
As light erewhile into the world came—

I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !  
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—  
Our own blue-bell—the daisy, that doth rise  
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow ;  
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—

I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !  
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,  
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees :  
I often wish that I were one of you,  
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—

I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !  
The evening-star grows dim and fades away,  
And morning comes and goes, and then the day  
Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;  
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—

I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !  
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,  
And in your native woods and wilds to be.  
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;  
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—

I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—  
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,  
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !  
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;  
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—

I love ye all !

—NICOLL

LET US GO TO THE WOODS.

LET us go to the woods—'tis a bright sunny day :  
They are mowing the grass, and at work with the hay.  
Come over the meadow and scent the fresh air,  
For the pure mountain breezes are everywhere.

## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

We'll follow this winding path up to the hills,  
And spring with a lightsome foot over the rills.  
Up, up!—it grows sweeter the higher we get,  
With the flowers of the season that linger here yet.  
Nay, pause not to gaze at the landscape now;  
It is finer when seen from the high hill's brow.  
We will gather all curious flowers as we go;  
The sweet and the scentless, and those that bend low;  
The pale and the gaudy, the tiny, the tall,  
From the vine, from the shrub, we will gather them all.

Now here's the Clematis, all graceful and fair;  
You may set it like pearls in the folds of your hair.  
And if for your bosom you'd have a bouquet,  
Here's the Meadow-pink sweet, and the Touch-me-not gay.  
Here's the full-blown Azalea, perfuming the air,  
Here's the Cardinal-flower, that a princess might wear.  
And the wild mountain Phlox, pink and purple and blue,  
And Star-flowers both of white and of golden hue.  
And here's a bright blossom, a gay one indeed,  
Our mountain-maids name it the Butterfly-weed;  
So gorgeous its colours, one scarcely can tell  
If the flower or the insect in beauty excel.

Here's the low dwarf Acacia, that droops as it grows,  
And its leaves, as you gather them, tremble and close.  
And near us, I know by her breath on the gale,  
Is the tall yellow Primrose, so pretty and pale.

Here's the Pigeon-pea, fit for a fairy's bowers,  
And the purple Thrift, straightest and primmest of flowers.  
Here is Privet, no prettier shrub have we met;  
And the Midsummer-daisy is hiding here yet.

But stay—we are now on the high hill's brow!  
How bright lie the fields in the sunlight below!  
Do you see those white chimneys that peep o'er the grove?  
'Tis your own little cottage, the home that you love:  
Let us go by the fields where the Chinquapins are,  
And through the long lane where the Chestnuts hang fair,  
They are scarcely yet ripe, but their tender green  
Looks lovely the dark clustering foliage between:  
And we'll stop at the nest that we found in the wood,  
And see if the blackbird hath flown with her brood:  
And we'll list to the mocking-bird, wondering thereat,  
Till he pauses, as if to ask: 'Who can do that?'  
We will listen and gaze, for the lowliest thing  
Some lesson of worth to the mind can bring.

## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,  
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it doth lie :  
And 'tis good to go forth among scenes like these,  
Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees,  
If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs  
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.

—*Anonymous.*

## DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
    Stay, stay,  
    Until the hastening day  
    Has run  
    But to the even-song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along !  
  
We have short time to stay as you ;  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or anything :  
    We die,  
    As your hours do ; and dry  
    Away  
    Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

—HERRICK, 1648.

## THE SWEET-BRIER.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind  
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,  
In all the blooming waste it left behind,  
As that the sweet-brier yields it ; and the shower  
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower  
One half so lovely ; yet it grows along  
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.  
Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;  
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand  
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;

## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Its sweetness all is of my native land ;  
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate  
Among the perfumes which the rich and great  
Buy from the odours of the spicy East.  
You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you hate  
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,  
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?  
—BRAINARD.

## THE FLOWER-GIRL.

COME buy, come buy my mystic flowers,  
All ranged with due consideration,  
And culled in Fancy's fairy bowers,  
To suit each age and every station.  
For those who late in life would tarry,  
I've Snowdrops, winter's children cold ;  
And those who seek for wealth to marry,  
May buy the flaunting Marigold.  
I've Ragwort, Ragged Robins too,  
Cheap flowers for those of low condition ;  
For bachelors I've Buttons blue ;  
And Crown Imperials for ambition.  
For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,  
I've Pheasant's Eye and sprigs of Heather ;  
For courtiers with the supple knee,  
I've Parasites and Prince's Feather.  
For thin tall fops I keep the Rush,  
For peasants still am Nightshade weeding ;  
For rakes, I've Devil-in-the-Bush,  
For sighing Strephons, Love-lies-bleeding.  
But fairest blooms affection's hand  
For constancy and worth disposes,  
And gladly weaves at your command  
A wreath of Amaranths and Roses.  
—MRS CORBOLD.

## THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

### SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower ! I love in forest bare  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
Unapt the passing view to meet,  
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Of, in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;  
But, midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried ;  
I copied them—but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.

—BRY

### THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here ;  
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,  
And pours the dayspring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could raise the daisy's purple bud !

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

And cut the gold-embossed gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within !  
And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see  
In every step the stamp of God.

—DR GOOD.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly-tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,  
Can reach to wound ;  
But as they grow, where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.  
I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralise :  
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.  
Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear  
Harsh and austere ;  
To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
Reserved and rude ;  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.  
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness shew,  
All vain asperities I, day by day,  
Would wear away ;  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.  
And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they ;

### SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree ?

So 'serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng ;  
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
More grave than they ;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

—SOUTHEY.

### THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,  
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds ;  
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,  
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew.  
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,  
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',  
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'  
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,  
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,  
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,  
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee  
Was floating awa', like a clud ower the sea,  
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—  
The sweet child of summer—in its rockely green.

And when the night-clud grew dark on the plain,  
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,  
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,  
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,  
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,  
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark-green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,  
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,  
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,  
And its wee leaves shrunk in the frozen air ;  
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,  
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around ;  
And this bonnie blue flower hung down its wee head,  
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,  
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was dead.

—ANDERSON.

## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of joy and love—  
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn ;  
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,  
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,  
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;  
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,  
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,  
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

—PERCIVAL.

### THE PRIMROSE.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn  
Are waving o'er the pool,  
Moved by the wind that breathes along  
So sweetly and so cool.  
The hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
The primrose hides below,  
And on the lonely passer-by  
A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose' bonnie face  
I meet it everywhere ;  
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,  
It comes and nestles there.  
Like God's own light, on every place  
In glory it doth fall :



### SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

And where its dwelling-place is made,  
It straightway hallows all !

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,  
The primrose bloometh lone ;  
And love it wins—deep love—from all  
Who gaze its sweetness on.  
On field-paths narrow, and in woods,  
We meet thee near and far,  
Till thou becomest prized and loved,  
As things familiar are !

The stars are sweet at eventide,  
But cold and far away ;  
The clouds are soft in summer time,  
But all unstable they :  
The rose is rich—but pride of place  
Is far too high for me—  
God's simple common things I love—  
My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,  
Because all sympathies,  
The feelings fond of every day,  
Around its circle rise.  
And while admiring all the flowers  
That summer suns can give,  
Within my heart the primrose sweet,  
In lowly love doth live !

—NICOLL

### FIELD-FLOWERS.

YE field-flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore :  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem :  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:  
But thou, beneath the random field  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
    And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
    Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starred :  
Unskilful he to note the card  
    Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
    And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven ;  
By human pride or cunning driven,  
    To misery's brink,  
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
    He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
    Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
    Shall be thy doom !

—BURN





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